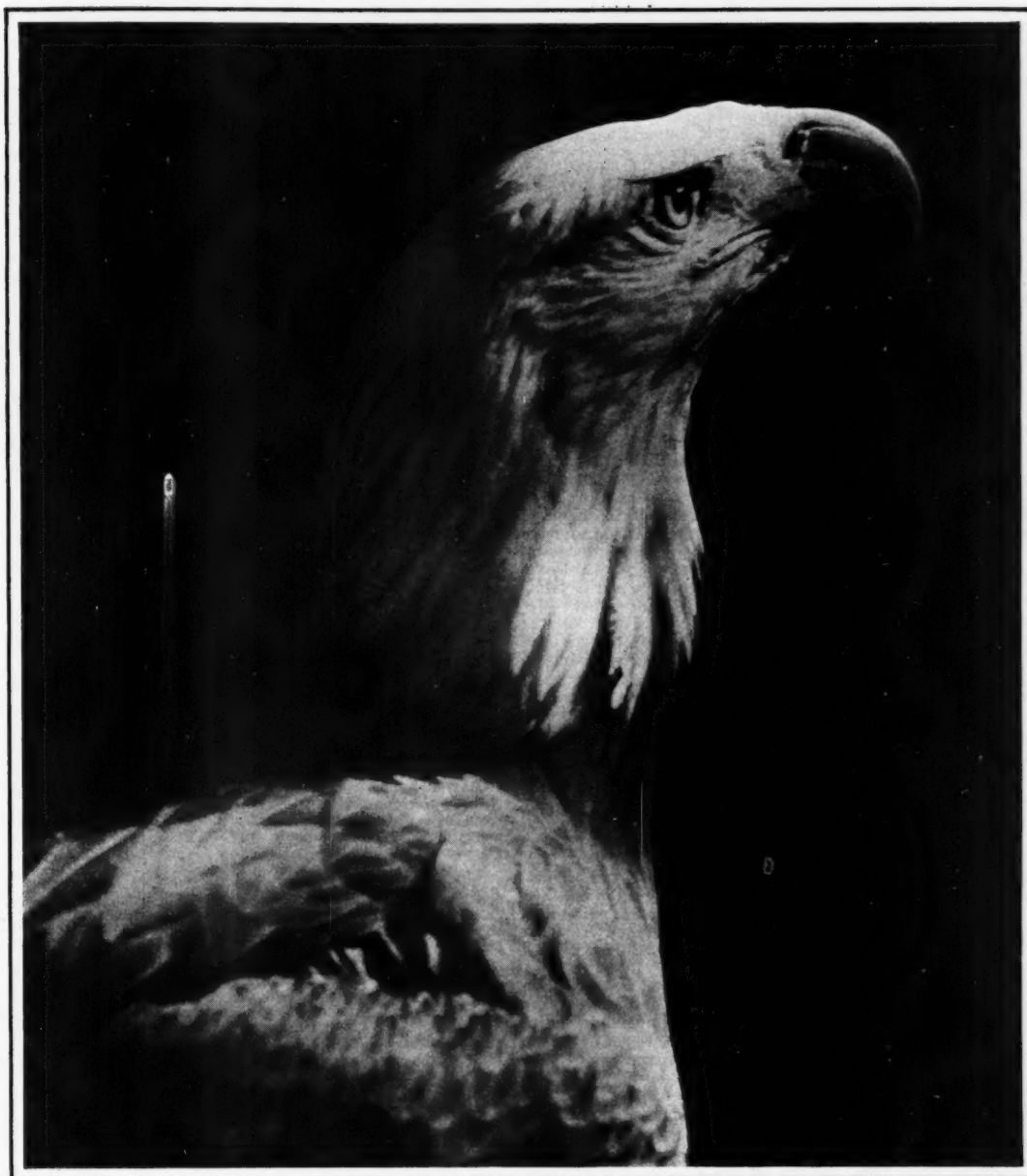


YOUTH'S COMPANION



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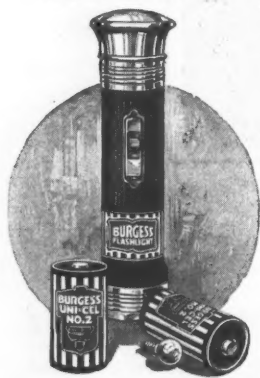
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MR. PEASLEE ON ILL-JUDGED THRIFT

CALEB PEASLEE, who was helping Deacon Hyne through a hurried week of belated haymaking, stood on the barn floor testing the strength of a fork handle. "I ain't any giant for strength these days, Hyne," he submitted, "but I don't b'lieve that handle's fit to stand the load I c'n lift; looks to me 'sif it was 'bout ready to crack down there next to the socket. Ain't you got another one I c'n use?"

The deacon gave the fork a casual glance. "There's plenty more forks standin' behind the wagonshed door," he offered. "I guess likely that handle is strained a mite; but I was cal'latin' to use it as long as it held. I like to git the last wear out of a thing."

"I do, too," Caleb agreed. "But I c'n call to mind times when reskin' too much to a broken tool led to misfortune—like the time when Ben Alcott figgered a cracked pole yoke was all right to use a spell longer."

"Ben had a pair of young hosses, and one of 'em he'd bought of me; and when I sold him to Ben I warned him."

"That hoss is all right," I says, "if you don't scare him and don't work him in a weak harness. If his harness breaks," I says, "there's no tellin' what he'll do."

"This time I'm tellin' you about was when folks from the city fust begun to come out into the country and snoop round in attics and sheds huntin' up old chairs and chists of drawers, that they called 'antiques.' And Ben, havin' a sharp nose for a dollar, took a habit of goin' round on his own hook and buyin' up what he c'd git cheap; and then, when the city folks come, he'd have a plenty all ready for 'em—and at a good advance in price!"

"Well, one day Ben asked me if I'd go with him the next day after a load of stuff he'd dickered for. So over I went to his place, next mornin', and got there jest as he was hookin' up the hosses. When he picked up the pole to hook the pole yoke to the collar I noticed a good big crack in the yoke."

"You ain't plannin' to use a cracked yoke like that, be ye," I says, "with a pair of young hosses?"

"Ben looked at me 'sif I was kind of notional. 'Why not?' he says. 'That little crack don't hurt nothin'; I c'n git quite a little wear out of that yoke yit,' he says. 'Well, I thinks to myself, 'it ain't any of my business'; so I got up onto the seat with him, and we started over to'rds the north aide of the town."

"Well, we started pickin' up the load, a bureau here and a spindle-back chair there, and before long we had a load that stood for c'n'sid'able money, even at the prices Ben had paid for it. And then we come to the last place, old maid Brewster's place, jest before you come to that long hill, comin' this way. Out in the barn she had a big chist of drawers that'd weigh in the neighborhood of four hundud pounds and stood five or six foot high—a dre'tful awkward thing to stow on the wagon, too."

"Well, we got it loaded at last, and Ben picked up the webbin' and started the hosses, hewalkin' alongside and me behind, to lighten the load; and when we got to the top of the hill he sagged back on thereins to make the hosses ease the load down. Well, them hosses come back in the collars quick and sharp, and I heard something crack and splinter. Then I could see the pole yoke swingin' in two halves and the end of the pole almost on the ground; and the next minute the load surged down onto the hosses' heels, and they started to run. The fust jump they made they fetched loose from Ben, and down that hill they went 'sif they was crazy."

"Jest before you come to the foot of the hill there was a hump in the road that the surveyors had made to turn out the water into the ditch, and it was all of five inches high. When the hosses got there, the end of the pole ketched—and you couldn't have stopped the whole thing any quicker if they'd hit a brick buildin'! The end of the pole nosed into the ground like a plough, and that chist of drawers kep' right on goin' forward,—through the spindle-backs and tables and all the rest of the load,—and the next jump the hosses tore themselves clear of the wagon and didn't quit runnin' till they got to the barn!"

"For a minute Ben jest stood and looked at the wreck; and then he spoke. 'I'm goin' to own up, Peaslee,' he says, 'that a day's work saved out of cracked harness ain't

always a savin'; this time it ain't by over fifty dollars—mebbe more'n that.' And he took to clearin' the stuff out of the road, and then we went home."

"That fixed the idea in my mind that I didn't want to work with weak tools. Where'd you say I'd find a solid fork handle?"

"MY FATHER AND I"

(Prize-winning letter from girls in the Family Contest)

LETTERS in this division of the Family Contest are from girls eighteen or younger. The girl whose letter won first prize is only fourteen, but the spontaneity of the sympathy which she expresses in describing the relation between her father and herself places her letter in a class by itself. Her name is Dorothy Jean Weaver, and she lives in Highland, New York. Excerpts from her letter follow:

Highland, New York,
January 10, 1927.

When I saw the titles of the letter contest I certainly liked them. It is that sort of thing that brings families closer together.

There were two topics I could have used to form equally dandy themes. I could have written about "My Mother and I" or "My Father and I," for I have the best dad and mother a girl ever had. However, I finally chose the latter because it seems to me that my dad and I have an unusual relationship. People expect fathers and sons to chum together, and mothers and daughters, so it is unusual when a father and daughter find something to be chummy about. The father can't seem to understand his daughter, although he probably does love her. He is preachy, or can't get her viewpoint. The daughter looks on her father as an old fogey, a back number. "Dad is most awfully old-fashioned, the poor old dear," she tells the "bunch." (I know, for I have heard 'em tell our "bunch.") All Dad is, in her mind, is a necessary money earner. But not so Dad and me. We both like almost all sports; we like to read, are interested in matters outside our home—things going on in the world, the future of our nation. Dad is interested in my Scout and school work. I am interested in Dad's business life—the new projects he is working out, and all his outside interests.

Of course, as I said, every normal, healthy girl does like sports, but Dad has given me the inside points of the game, the little "tricks of the trade," that every girl does not get. All girls don't have a dad to explain forward-passing in football, or some technical point in basketball or baseball.

Dad and I both like to read. "Like" is too weak; I should say "love." Just at present we are both reading "Beau Geste," that awfully popular novel by Christopher Wren. As for outside things, we are interested in the things that interest every clear-thinking person today—the trouble with Mexico, for instance, and the Nicaragua trouble too. We both have clear ideas as to what the United States should do. Sometimes these ideas clash, and then the sparks fly!

Dad and I can meet on the field of scouting. Dad is a member of the County Council of Boy Scouts, and I am nearly a Second Class Scout. So you see, we can argue and agree in a laughing way about the relative merits of Girl and Boy Scouts. We are both boosting our respective camps for all we are worth, too.

I like to think that, if not a thrill, it at least gives Dad a little joy to know that I am interested in what he is doing. As a farmer of today, Dad has problems to face which no city folks, however sympathetic, can answer. When I "boss" the currant pickers during the summer vacation, I can sympathize with Dad in his troubles with the help.

It is all these things that make a girl and her dad closer together. I only hope that every girl (who hasn't already) will get as close to her dad as I have, and find as fine a man, with as much comradeship to give her.

DOROTHY J. WEAVER

No girl can read this letter without admiring the frank, friendly spirit in which it is written, and most girls will recognize in it the same feeling which they have toward their own fathers.

Honorable mention is given for two letters of particular merit by Elizabeth Simmons (17) of Sterling Station, N. Y., and by Anne H. Morrison (17) of Owensboro, Ky. Letters by the following girls also deserve mention: Kathleen E. Braddick (14), Clafin, Kan.; Marion Smith (14), Morgan Hill, Calif.; Marian Hanford (12), Spokane, Wash.; Virginia Robinson (13), Attica, Ind.; Hazel Huston (11), Abilene, Kan.; Dana Gamble (15), Morgantown, W. Va.; Leslie Osell (13), Sherburn, Minn.; and Marion Blood (18), North Adams, Mass.

Very soon we shall publish the prize-winning letter on "My Mother and I" by a girl of eighteen or under.

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"I do not intend to leave this house, Edwin, before I've said my say," Aunt Isabel went on. "Then I do!" cried Edwin, and up he jumped and flew out into the kitchen, where in a moment Pauline followed him

Great-Aunt Isabel

By WINIFRED KIRKLAND

Illustrated by DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

"SO that is Great-Aunt Isabel?" Pauline's golden head, as she asked the question, was bowed to Edwin's rumpled brown one, as they both bent over the old photograph album.

"Great-Aunt Isabel at seventeen," answered Edwin. "But now she's seventy."

"And that's her Edwin, in all that collar?"

"His name was Hezekiah, but he was her Edwin all right."

"He's a dear, Teddy! He looks like you,"

"So Aunt Isabel has often told me," said Edwin ruefully. "My resemblance to Uncle Hezekiah singled me out for a good deal of her attention when I was a little fellow."

Pauline was studying the little photograph, the sweep of the netted hair, the wide eyes, the merry mouth, the girlish grace that seemed to radiate in spite of stiff crinoline.

"She is so sweet!" said Pauline.

"Not now!" said Edwin grimly. "Uncle Hezekiah died when they'd been married a year, and she's grieved for him ever since; and grief hasn't agreed with her!"

Pauline never lifted her gray eyes from the study of the little twin pictures. "She doesn't look like the picture now?"

"She's a very handsome old woman, but she doesn't look like that picture—not much!"

"Oh," breathed Pauline, "so many years without him! How sweet they look, and happy, and, O Ted, how young!"

"So do you!" cried Edwin, suddenly sweeping Pauline up for a dance round his study desk. Although they were the minister and his wife, they were both children, and they knew that when Great-Aunt Isabel came there would be no chance to romp. After a moment they stopped, and Pauline, a little breathless, sat down in the desk chair.

"Do you think that Great-Aunt Isabel will try to bring us up?" she asked with shining eyes. "Or perhaps," all Pauline's little face began to twinkle, "she'll think I don't bring you up? For you know, Teddy boy, I don't!"

"I hadn't noticed your bringing me up," agreed Edwin.

"And I don't intend that you ever shall! But you know a Great-Aunt Isabel might notice how dirty your study is, though the rest of the house, I'm sure, is clean."

"You know what happens when I come in to work on a sermon in a hurry and find the study being cleaned!"

"Yes, I know what happens, and dirt

seems preferable!" Then Pauline's laughter sobered. "Or perhaps Great-Aunt Isabel will think meals ought to be always on time."

"If they're not," answered Edwin, "isn't it because you're out helping this parson in some way that's better than supper?"

"Not always, Teddy boy," said Pauline honestly. "Sometimes I'm out on the hills having a good time with myself."

"Did I marry you to stop that, Paul? I'd rather starve!"

"Or perhaps," and now Pauline's gray eyes had a far inward twinkle, "Great-Aunt Isabel will think I ought to tell you how you ought to preach!"

"I'm glad you don't! Sermons are bad enough as it is. I never was built to preach!"

"Only to practice!" whispered Pauline proudly to herself, then added aloud, "But in spite of all the ways I don't bring you up, Teddy, you're a pretty happy husband, aren't you?"

"Too happy to want Great-Aunt Isabel to come and spoil it all!"

Across Pauline's great gray eyes, inky-lashed, a look of pity had fallen. "It will be very hard on her to see you! She lost her happiness so soon!"

"But," asked Edwin soberly, "does that really give her a right to spoil our happy home?"

Pauline slipped round to him, kneeling, while she pressed her cheek to his sleeve and looked across into the cheery fire.

"Would ours have any right to be a happy home if we didn't keep it open for people to catch some happiness from before they pass on their way?"

But after a while Edwin asked, "Pauline, do you honestly want Great-Aunt Isabel to come?"

Pauline's laugh rang out. "No, Edwin, I honestly don't!"

GREAT-AUNT ISABEL arrived on Thursday, the fifteenth, at four, but she did not act quite as Pauline had expected, and on Thursday, the twenty-second, at eleven

in the evening Pauline, snuggled at Edwin's knee by the study fire, was saying, "But she's been as polite as if she were anybody else!"

"Yes," admitted Edwin without warmth. "Then it must be all our fault."

"What?"

"That we've neither of us laughed since she came into the house, that I feel as if I were a soldier who'd been court-martialed and was waiting to be shot."

"She'll shoot! But I thought it was I she was waiting to shoot. Aunt Isabel always keeps quiet until she's looked the ground over."

"And I'm the ground she's looking over." Pauline shook her curly head. "I know she thought you were starved because supper was so late tonight, even if she did eat four muffins!"

"Who wouldn't? Such muffins! And can't I wait for my muffins when you're making parish calls?"

"And I'm sure she saw where the ashes had blown out under your bookcase. I saw them, too, and I couldn't explain to her that I was just waiting."

"Just waiting for what?" cried Edwin, for the merest suspicion that his study was to be cleaned always threw him into excitement. "I couldn't possibly spare my study this week, Paul, for I've got to manage an extra good sermon for Aunt Isabel next Sunday. The mere sight of her disapproving bonnet down there in our pew withers all the preaching in me. I keep remembering how she used to keep her hand on my jacket tail all through the service and yank it when I wriggled."

"Yet she hasn't said a word," Pauline admonished herself, "but I know from her mouth she's going to. It couldn't be like that if she hadn't said sharp things. It looks as if somebody had run a drawing string round it! O dear, dear! O Teddy, what a horrid thing for me to say!"

"Then I'll say a horrid thing," said Edwin stoutly. "I've always thought Uncle

Hezekiah showed great discretion in dying!"

They were quite right that Great-Aunt Isabel was waiting to fire. The first shot came the very next evening, but at whose head it was directed they could neither of them afterward determine. The trouble began at the fall of the early April twilight, when Edwin's latch key admitted him to a chill and shadowy house. The gloom seemed concentrated in a tall chair in the parlor. Out of this gloom a voice spoke, "Is it your duty, Edwin, to light the lamps in the evening?"

"Mine or Paul's, whichever one of us blows in first."

"Isn't it rather late for Pauline to be out?"

"All Trumansville is safe as my pocket. Besides the moon is just rising."

"And your supper?"

"Oh, I can wait; I'm used to it."

"I am afraid, Edwin, that you are!"

THE pink lampshade trembled beneath

Edwin's fingers, and then, because he did not know what to say, he went to his study; but he did not stay there, for a stepping consciously loud, consciously determined, reminded him of certain incidents of his childhood. Considering that on the kitchen table flour stood sifted for biscuits and eggs broken for beating, that in the stove the fire lay ready for instant kindling, and that the table in the dining-room was set, there did not seem such need for the emphatic clanging of oven doors and the condemnatory clatter of dishes.

Edwin appeared in the doorway, "Aunt Isabel, I am going out for a walk!"

"You've just come in!"

"I'm going out again," he said and added by way of adequate explanation, "Paul isn't here."

"I am aware that she is not!"

A half-hour later, Edwin returned; he entered the dining-room at the same moment that Aunt Isabel came in from the kitchen, carrying the tea pot in one hand and a platter of omelet in the other.

"Pauline here?"

"No, but your supper is ready."

"I'm not hungry yet."

"But I am, and you ought to be! Sit down at once, Edwin, and ask the blessing."

It was the tone Aunt Isabel had employed when Edwin was ten, and it had the same effect. He asked the blessing, but his thoughts were unholy.

"Will you have a biscuit, Edwin?"

"No, thank you."

"I am sorry," said Aunt Isabel in a sudden change of voice, "that they're burned." At that Edwin selected the most cindery sample of all and munched it in gloom. It was the first time he had ever sat down to that table without having Pauline's curly crown behind the teapot. Aunt Isabel's head was white and stately and topped by a bit of black cobweb for a cap, but it could not take the place of Pauline's. Edwin silently pecked at an inch of omelet.

"Will you have your tea?"

"Yes, please, Aunt Isabel."

"Without sugar!" said Aunt Isabel with great emphasis.

Edwin's mouth and eyes opened; the next moment he would have forgotten that he was not still ten, if sounds had not come to his ear. There was a scurry of light feet up the steps, the cheery chuckle of a latch-key, a sudden opening of the dining-room door, and Pauline, April wind on her cheeks, April star-shine in her eyes, stood on the threshold. Her quick glance passing from one face to the other took in also the blackened biscuits, the withered omelet.

"How good of you to have supper ready, Aunt Isabel! I've come home so hungry."

"I was hungry myself, and so was Edwin! I will give up your seat to you, Pauline, as soon as I've poured his tea."

"Oh, please don't move, Aunt Isabel." Pauline was tossing off her hat and coat and patting her lace collar. "I'm just as happy in any seat."

"Your tea is weak, Edwin," said his aunt, "as it ought to be!"

"I'm afraid I'm used to having it the way I like it!"

"I've observed that Pauline lets you have a great many things the way you like them."

"Is that very bad of me, Aunt Isabel?"

"It may prove very bad for Edwin's health and happiness, which ought to be your first concern."

"Your tea is better for you weak, Teddy boy," said Pauline patting his hand, with light fingers that expressed the caution her lips dared not speak. Pauline knew a good deal about leading a horse to water, but Edwin's tea stood untouched, for Aunt Isabel could not make him drink.

"A big helping of omelet, Teddy, please, and two biscuits at once. I'm so sorry I was late, but I was taking care of the baby for Flora Stewart. Her mother on the farm has broken her hip, and Flora had to drive out there for the afternoon. The baby's teething, and at half past six I found I was pretty tired; so I ran away, up on Pearson Hill, with the stars and the moon and myself, for I thought I'd make sure of having one dish good for supper, and that was Pauline, for you know, Ted, I don't taste good when I'm tired!"

"I'm glad you went for a walk, and I'm glad about the Stewart baby, too. You see, Aunt Isabel, Paul and I have to make this old parish our first business."

"In my day, a wife's first business was her husband."

"I think, Aunt Isabel, you may safely trust Pauline to take care of me."

"Pauline! Pauline is so young that she needs bringing up herself!"

There were sparks in Edwin's eyes, on his tongue, too, but Pauline's hand in his commanded silence. If her eyes were young, they were big with understanding as they gazed at Aunt Isabel's puckered, trembling lips.

"If I had had any share in bringing Teddy up when he was a little boy, I don't believe I could ever have trusted him to anyone else."

There was a queer wrench in Aunt Isabel's voice, "He has forgotten that time!"

Pauline's right hand slipped from Edwin's, her left dared to fall light as thistle foam on Aunt Isabel's knuckles.

"I wasn't there just then," she said, "but I haven't forgotten that time, Aunt Isabel!"

PEACE descended once more on the parsonage, but it was a troubling sort of peace. Saturday morning had a tension about it, due perhaps to the curious set of Aunt Isabel's mouth, the curious gleam in her eye when after breakfast Edwin went scurrying off for the mail, and Pauline tripped at his side to her marketing. It was only twenty minutes until Edwin came back, but things had happened during his absence.

Pauline, coming in ten minutes later, stopped humming when she heard his voice. She flew up to the study. The door was open. Great-Aunt Isabel, with her broom and her mop and her soap and her scrub pail, stood

on the outside of that door; Edwin was securely master of the chaos within.

"Twenty minutes more," Aunt Isabel was saying, "and the floor at least—"

"You have already disarranged all my papers!" Edwin glared at the orderly piles on his desk.

"Such a condition of dirt is positively unhealthy. The housekeeper that allows it—"

"The housekeeper that allows it respects her husband's comfort, and her husband's calling! I have a sermon to prepare. You will excuse me, Aunt Isabel, if I shut the door?"

The door closed, high and blank. Suddenly, beneath her crisp white dusting cap, Aunt Isabel's face became all crumpled like the duster at her feet.

"That's not the only door you've shut on me, Edwin!"

But a little hand touched her arm and a

minute Pauline followed him; but she carefully left the dining-room door open that she might not seem to desert Aunt Isabel. Edwin was fumbling wildly about the kitchen table.

"Looking for a lunch, Ted? I'll fix it."

"I'm going off for the day, out into the country, anywhere!"

"It's the best thing you can do, Teddy."

"I feel very strange this morning, Paul. I can't tell what's the matter with me."

"There isn't anything the matter with you but the Monday feeling, Ted, and you can walk that off."

"I'll be gone all day."

"Then I'll put up a big lunch right off. Get down the vacuum bottle. I'll put in some hot tea. I'll not wait for it to get so very strong; you'd rather be off than wait."

"Put in some cake, Paul, will you?"



"You have already disarranged all my papers!" Edwin glared at the orderly piles on his desk.

little voice whispered to her, "You could never guess what's the matter with him, Aunt Isabel. It's only that he wants to get up a sermon that will please you!"

Once more peace ensued. It lasted even over Sunday, but that was about as much as Aunt Isabel could manage. At breakfast Monday morning, almost before Edwin had taken his first sip of coffee, she began.

"Edwin, I have sat beneath your preaching now for two Sundays, and I hope you will excuse me if I offer you a little helpful criticism, considering that I am seventy, and you twenty-seven, and that I was the first person to take you to hear a sermon yourself."

Edwin opened his mouth but decided to use it for coffee only.

"In the first place, Edwin, you wander from your text."

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness," Edwin quoted. "That's a text that suggests a good deal about a wife's dealing with her husband."

There's quite a lot to be said on that text without wandering."

"Solomon has already said it a good deal better than you can, Edwin!"

"If you're expecting me to improve on Solomon, Aunt Isabel!"

"Also, Edwin," Aunt Isabel went on firmly, "you show a tendency in your preaching to discuss matters you are too young to know anything about."

"Is there very much more, Aunt Isabel?"

"I do not intend to leave this house, Edwin, before I've done my duty and said my say!"

"Then I do!" cried Edwin, and up he jumped and flew into the kitchen, where in a

"Yes, and, oh, you'll need a book. I'll run and stick one in your overcoat pocket—you'll wear your light overcoat, Teddy? The lunch will go in the other pocket."

"I wasn't going to wear any overcoat."

"There's so much more room for carrying things in an overcoat, and you'll be gone all day."

"Yes, all day," Edwin repeated loud enough for the dining-room to hear, but he had not said good-by to the dining-room when, a moment later, the front door clanged behind him.

Pauline returned to the breakfast table cheery and unperturbed.

"Edwin went off very abruptly," said Aunt Isabel severely.

"Teddy has a terrible temper."

"Oh," cried Aunt Isabel, "I should not call it a terrible temper. Edwin has always been very lovable, very much like—"

She stopped. "This morning perhaps I spoke too quickly. But, Pauline, do you never yourself try to help Edwin with his sermons?"

"He does preach pretty poor sermons."

"Not in the least poor, Pauline! Edwin's sermons are in fact a credit to him, and to his upbringing. I have thought I saw surviving in them some of the thoughts of our dear Doctor Barnard, to whom Edwin used to listen when he was a little boy."

"I don't feel as if I knew enough to help him with his sermons, Aunt Isabel, but I stuck Phillips Brooks into his pocket. Phillips Brooks is a very good preacher for preachers, on a Monday."

"Pauline, I am afraid Edwin isn't enjoying my visit very much."

Pauline smiled into the brooding old face. "You just wait, Aunt Isabel, until he comes back!"

"Is it possible, Pauline, that you don't feel badly when Edwin goes off from you this way?"

"But he doesn't, because I always go along!"

"Then you stayed home on my account?"

"Oh, no, but because, don't you see, we've such a good chance to clean the study! If you could dust the books, I could scrub."

The two women bent to their task with overflowing energy. To both, the work was a welcome relief to their troubled feelings. And, like all work, it drew them closer together.

AN hour later Aunt Isabel's face had brightened. She was dusting in feverish haste. Like all Aunt Isabels, she was handling Edwin's books more tenderly than she handled Edwin himself. In the midst of the work Pauline paused, breathless from scrubbing.

"We needn't hurry so, Aunt Isabel; there's plenty of time. What is that book in your hand? Edwin's old album? Did you know he has you in it? Sit down a minute. I'll find the place."

Pauline, blue-capped, blue-pinafoled, perched on the chair arm. Aunt Isabel's hand suddenly closed over Pauline's hand on the page, closed and tightened.

"I was seventeen then."

"You were beautiful, Aunt Isabel."

"He thought so. He was beautiful, Pauline, he was beautiful all the way through."

"Doesn't Edwin look a little like him?"

"You see that, dear, do you?"

"Yes," whispered Pauline, "and it makes us understand each other, doesn't it, our loving men who are alike?"

"Why, child!" murmured Aunt Isabel, "why, child!" Then sudden and sharp, "I don't look much like that picture, now!"

"But he does; he looks like his picture still."

"Pauline, I sometimes wonder whether he'll know me. I'm old now, and he was so young. Don't I seem, Pauline, very old to you?"

"Aunt Isabel, it seems to me the more people I know," said wise little Pauline, "and the more I love them, the more I know that nobody ever gets old. People's faces change, but they don't. You don't feel to me any older than I."

"Pauline, it isn't only my face that has changed. I myself have grown old. You've made me feel that ever since I came into this house."

"Oh, I never meant to! I'm sorry!"

"I know you didn't mean to, and you needn't be sorry. Your Edwin will never grow old. He will always look like Hezekiah. He will always be young with you, because of you!"

"I want him to!" whispered Pauline.

"Dear, I've often felt as if he had wandered so far away from me to new places that I could never reach him again perhaps. And now, since I've been here, with you and Edwin, I've wondered if perhaps I'd wandered farther than he, because I've changed so. Will he know me, Pauline?"

"Couldn't you," whispered Pauline, while her lips touched Aunt Isabel's cheek, "change back again into the picture? I think you're changing now perhaps. I think that he will know you!"

At a sudden sound they both started.

"But who is it, Pauline?"

"Why, Edwin, of course!"

"But he said he'd be gone all day!"

"But of course he'd come back."

"And we're not half done! O Pauline, what will he say? He'll act as he did on Saturday. He'll feel the way he did this morning."

"Wait!" said Pauline.

Edwin stormed up the stairs with all outdoors blowing in with him. He never seemed to see the dismantled study at all. He made straight for Aunt Isabel. Right on her lips, round which bitterness had drawn its puckering string, he kissed her.

"Aunt Isabel, can you forgive a bad boy, who remembers that he was once your little boy?"

"Do you forgive me, Edwin? I want you to before I go."

"Go!" exclaimed the other two. "You're not going home!"

"Tomorrow, yes."

"But why, Aunt Isabel; haven't we made you happy?"

"Because you have made me happy, because I want to take the happiness home with me, to think about it a little, with Hezekiah."

IT was gray dawn in the Bittersweet Valley. The sky in the east was slowly reddening while the branches of the trees swayed slowly to and fro with the breeze. The swift mountain stream rushed on its way to the river. Under the shadowing arm of a tall cliff a lonesome coyote broke out with his eerie howl, and a dog at the ranch high among the hills answered as an echo. A timber wolf sent his challenging cry from the side of the mountain into the deep valley below, while up on the mesa two cowboys were rounding up some horses.

Early as it was, there were already signs of activity in the barns and corrals of the ranch among the hills, which was commonly known as the Lazy Y. A few cowboys were saddling their horses. Here and there a few men were walking to and from the barns. When the breakfast bell sounded the whole place seemed to liven up. Some cowboys made their way from the corrals to the house, while others appeared as if by magic from the row of bunkhouses above the barns. It was the signal that the day had begun.

While the men made their way to the house there was a discussion taking place, inside the walls, between Hippy, commonly called "Old Jake," the owner of the Lazy Y, and his son Tim, a strapping and bronzed youth of seventeen. Old Jake glared disapprovingly at Tim, while the latter looked his father square in the eye. Jake said: "So yuh think that them steers ought tuh be sold right naow, do yuh? Don't yuh think thet I kin tell when they's ready tuh sell? Do yuh think thet yuh know more about cattle-raisin' then your ole dad?"

Tim answered quietly: "No, dad, we all know that you are the best cattle-raiser in this here valley. But, dad, listen here. If you want to get any profit out of them steers at all, you'll have to sell them right away, because the freight rate is risin' right along. It'll soon be so high that you'll get no profit at all. Can't you see it, dad?"

Jake became absorbed in thought. "Mebbe," he said. "Mebbe; I'll think it over. Say, Tim, have you seed ole Thunder lately? I heerd reports thet he's around again. Thet's some hoss. Black as midnight, big as blazes, yet he kin go like a streak o' greased lightnin' an' keep it up, too. I never seed such wind. Boy, you know what I'd like tuh do? Buy thet hoss from them Rees thet are perched on top o' the ridge. He belongs tuh them, yuh know."

It made Tim's eyes shine when he thought about the big black horse, known all over the valley as Thunder. Three years before he was first seen by white man. He was then a year-old colt, owned by a small tribe of Ree Indians. Where they acquired him nobody ever knew. The only thing that anybody did know about Thunder was that he had been broken by an old Ree Indian when he was two years old. Then he had not yet developed into his full size, but was just a common pony that the old Indian delighted in. Then one day when Thunder was about two and a half years old he was kidnapped by a gang of horse-rustlers, and their cruel bits and sharp spurs made an outlaw of him; a man-fearing beast that would have absolutely nothing to do with anything human. Thunder escaped from these rustlers and then began a career that was spoken of throughout the Bittersweet Valley. He seemed to develop a mind as accomplished as a human's. Many a time, had Thunder been a common horse, he would have been captured, but through his cleverness and speed he outwitted his would-be captors.

One day about a week after this talk Jake went to town to see about selling a certain herd of steers. While on his way he came across the band of Ree Indians that had been seen on the ridge. He thought that he would see about buying Thunder; so when he came to a few old men he stopped. One stood up and asked, "What you want?"

Jake said: "Howdy, strangers. I was a-wonderin' if you-all'd sell thet outlaw hoss you own. I thought I'd kind a like tuh have 'im. Mebbe I can't bust 'im, but I want tuh try."

The standing Indian said, "Me no savvy English," at the same time pushing a younger Indian forward. This one seemed to understand English, so Jake repeated his statement. The Indian said: "You no break Thunder. We no sell. We keep." Jake was surprised that they were not willing to sell Thunder. He thought for a while and then said: "Well, looky here, brother. I'm willin' tuh set down three hundred dollars spot cash fer ole Thunder. Ain't thet fair enough?" Still the spokesman was stubborn. He would not listen to Jake's offer.

Thunder

A Junior Fiction Contest Story

By BERNARD VOSS (15)

Illustrated by RODNEY THOMSON

At last Jake asked, "Whar is the feller thet owns ole Thunder?" The Indian pointed to one of the oldest of the group and said, "Him." Jake walked up to him and asked, "Will you sell Thunder?" The old man shook his head. He was seated on the ground and seemed nothing but skin and bones because he was so old. Jake offered him four hundred dollars, and the old Indian looked up in astonishment.

"You mean that?" he asked.

"I sure do," said Jake.

"Right," said the old fellow, holding out his hand.

Jake took out a wad of bills, gave four hundred dollars to the Indian, mounted his big bay, and rode off.

He found himself close to the end of the canyon. He decided to leave his horse and proceed on foot. After going almost to the end he heard some splashing of water and cropping of grass. Going to a huge boulder very quietly and peeping round it, he knew his hopes were rewarded, for near by

Thunder could only be caught Harris could break him.

Directly after dinner three horses were saddled, and Jake, Harris and Tim rode off to the narrow canyon. When they arrived near the place where the horses had been the day before they dismounted and went the rest of the way on foot, Jake and Harris taking their lariats. Tim now led the way, and the other two men kept at his heels. They soon came to the boulder where Tim had looked the day before. When they cautiously looked round the side there was old Thunder near by, peacefully eating grass.

Old Jake and Harris shook out their ropes and slowly crept forward round the boulder. Harris started forward running, whirling his lariat above his head as he ran. Thunder



Expecting the sharp pains of spurs digging into his flanks, Thunder jumped, but the soft quiet words of Tim brought him to himself again

That night when Old Jake told Tim that he had bought Thunder Tim could hardly believe his ears. Now he had a chance and a hope to tame the magnificent horse. This hope was strengthened when his father said, "Tim, boy, if you kin git tuh ride ole Thunder, you kin have 'im."

Early the next morning Tim set out on his best horse to try to locate Thunder. He rode all the morning in vain. After he had thoroughly combed most of the valleys he stopped for lunch. There was not much chance that Thunder was near, because all of the main valleys had been searched. Then Tim suddenly remembered that there was one place where he might be. In one of the corners of the Lazy Y ranch there was a very narrow canyon, at one end completely closed, while at the other end it broadened out until it was lost in the large Bittersweet Valley itself. At the upper end of this narrow valley were many springs and much green grass. Long lost horses had often been found in this place, and Tim thought that probably Thunder was there.

As soon as he had finished his lunch he rode toward the valley. It was only a few miles from the ranch house and barns, but from the place where Tim ate his lunch it was all of fifteen miles. He therefore did not reach the bottom of the valley until the middle of the afternoon. As soon as he had entered it and the sides became closer his keen eyes watched for signs of horses. He neither heard nor saw anything until he reached the uppermost part. Here his keen gaze picked up some fresh tracks, and after following them for about a quarter of a mile

were a few horses slowly eating, and up farther a large and powerfully built horse with a shining black coat was quietly drinking at one of the clear, shimmering pools. Tim was certain that this horse was Thunder.

After debating with himself as to what to do he decided to leave very quietly and come back on the morrow, feeling sure that the horses would stay in the same place, as it was a fine grazing place and well hidden. With a last longing look at Thunder he went back to his home, thinking about means to win the outlaw's confidence.

On returning home Tim cared for his horse and then proceeded to the house, where the ranch hands were already busy eating. Tim entered by the back door and went to the table, after washing the sweat and dust off his face. Nobody asked him any questions. After supper when he was alone with his father he said that he had found Thunder.

"Is thet so?" answered Jake. "Well, I'm a-goin' tuh git Dave Harris to see haow he kin stick tuh ole Thunder's back."

Dave Harris was the best bronco-buster in the country. Tim did not say anything, for he knew that, if he should tell his father that he was going to try to tame Thunder with kindness, he would be just laughed at.

The next morning Old Jake went after Harris and brought him back just before dinner time. Harris was a powerfully built man and very tall, standing six feet six inches in his stocking feet. He had been known to stick to the worst buckner in the valley, and Jake was confident that if

almost instantly heard him. He whirled, held his head way up, and whistled as Harris came within roping distance. Instantly the coils shot out, settled over the big black's shoulders and pulled tight. Thunder jumped and tried to get away, but Harris already had a turn of his rope around a solid rock and held him. Old Jake in the meantime had run clear round the horse and roped him from the opposite side. Thunder was caught.

While all this had been going on Tim had been busy thinking. He knew that, if Harris should succeed in getting a saddle on Thunder and start riding him, he would surely be thrown, and then Thunder would be worse than ever before. Besides, he did not like the idea of having Thunder cruelly treated by such a hard rider as Dave Harris. So when Jake and the bronco-buster were ready to throw the saddle on, Tim jumped from behind the boulder and shouted, "Wait a minute." The two men looked up wonderingly at Tim and asked what was the matter.

"Won't you wait awhile and let me have a chance at old Thunder for a couple of months? I've got an idea that will work better than yours. You'll let me, won't you, dad?"

"Not on your life," exploded Harris. "We've got 'im now, an' we can't let this chance go by."

Old Jake held the same view as Harris. "We're goin' tuh try tuh break 'im in right now, son. You can't do it. You'd better gi' up your silly notions."

But Tim was firm. As the two men started to pick up the saddle a sudden look of

determination came into his face. Without a word he turned as if to walk off, but suddenly swerved toward the horse and whipped out his knife. Jake and Harris were busy with the saddle and did not see what Tim was doing. With two swift slashes of his knife he cut the ropes holding Thunder and then jumped out of the way. Thunder leaped to his feet, snorting, and broke into a swift gallop up the canyon. Jake and Harris whirled, hearing the swift gallop of a horse. What they saw was Thunder going up the canyon at breakneck speed and Tim holding an open knife in his hand.

"You let 'im loose, didn't yuh?" shouted Harris, with an angry face.

Tim's face was white, but he looked the two men square in the eye. "Yes," he said, "I know I let 'im loose, but I did what I thought was right. I couldn't have Thunder hurt by you."

The next day Old Jake and Harris went back to the canyon again to catch Thunder, but in vain. He was on his guard all the time.

After a week of unsuccessful trying Harris left the Lazy Y, and Old Jake settled into his usual routine of work again. He and Tim were not on the best of terms after the incident with Thunder. He declared that if Thunder was never broken Tim could be blamed. Many of the ranch hands also jeered at Tim, but in spite of this he remained firm.

Tim did not return to the canyon for about a week. But then one day when there was not much work he decided to see if Thunder was still there. He went off when his father was not around and rode hard all the way. He had a few lumps of sugar in his pocket. Tim leaped off his horse and left him near a spring. Then he sauntered slowly up the bed of the canyon. Thunder was almost in the same place as a week before. He saw Tim almost instantly but did not move. Tim slowly kept on, cooing a soft, tender whistle. The beautiful horse looked on with interest but would not let the boy come within thirty feet of him. He saw that Tim had no rope with him and therefore feared no harm from that quarter; but he feared all mankind, and, although the boy looked kind enough, he did not trust him. After trying in vain to get closer to the horse Tim left for home. He was not entirely discouraged, for the horse seemed to show interest.

Tim kept on perseveringly. And his work showed fruit, for at the end of two weeks of patient effort Thunder licked a little sugar from his hand. What a thrill went through his body when he felt the soft lips of the wonderful animal touch the palm of his hand! It showed that Thunder was beginning to trust him, and Tim felt sure that if he should continue with his patient work he would reach his goal.

At the end of another week Thunder

allowed Tim to caress him around his head, and a few days later Tim was not afraid to stand at his heels.

At last when five weeks had passed from the time when Thunder had eaten sugar from his hand for the first time Tim made up his mind to try to ride him. Two weeks before he had put on the bridle, and by this time Thunder was quite used to it.

So one morning Tim rode to the canyon and, leaving his horse near a spring, took the saddle and bridle and went to Thunder. The noble horse was, as usual, waiting for him. First of all Tim petted him and then gave him some oats. After giving him plenty of time to eat, Tim put the bridle on and led him around a little. As soon as Thunder was cooled down he led him to a rock about three feet high and climbed it. From there he first patted Thunder's strong back and then eased himself gently on it. The horse took a couple of awful jumps, nearly throwing Tim, but then calmed down when Tim spoke quietly and reassuringly. The noble horse knew that Tim would not hurt him, but when Tim slipped on his back he remembered the old feeling of a rider. Expecting the sharp pains of spurs digging into his flanks, he jumped, but the soft quiet words of Tim brought him to himself again, and he stopped. Tim was his master.

Now, there was yet one thing that Tim wanted to do before his happiness would be

complete. This was riding his prized possession in the presence of his master.

Tim, now being the father, put the saddle on very gently. Thunder stood perfectly quiet. Then, after cinching the saddle, Tim swung up lightly and started. Soon he was swinging down the bottom of the canyon in a high lope, his horse's head proudly up. He stopped where he had left his other horse, turned him loose and again swept down the canyon.

Just as the ranch hands had returned from their work and were making their way to the house they heard the rhythmic beating of the hoofs of a galloping horse. Old Jake heard it too, and he came running outside, wondering what horse it might be. He saw a half-mile to the west a black horse, with a rider, going like the wind. They rapidly came closer. No one recognized either horse or rider. They soon thundered past the barns and swept like a whirlwind toward the house. Then Old Jake and the men saw with astonishment that the horse was Thunder and the rider Tim Hippy. Thunder and Tim kept on until almost on top of the men, when they came to a sudden stop. Nobody said anything.

After a few minutes Tim broke the stillness by saying, "Dad, I've got 'im."

Old Jake answered with tears in his eyes: "Yes, son, you've got 'im. You knew how to bust ole Thunder. Thunder is yours!"

Tim's victory was complete!

IN ELEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER 7

AS nearly as Cameron could determine, he had been bounced up and down on the floor of the truck that was kidnapping him for almost five hours before the driver finally pulled off the road into a little clearing by the side of a large lake. Hardly had the car come to a stop before a figure appeared in the path of the headlights. Cameron, having been jerked to his feet by the man holding him, started as he saw the illumined form. The figure was that of an Indian, and one glance told the factor's son that this particular one was a half-breed. Cameron hadn't lived among Indians all his life not to be able to make this quick distinction.

"Hullo, Black Feather!" greeted the driver. "Right on time, aren't you?"

"Uh!" answered the Indian, advancing toward the truck and squinting up at the captive. "Only boy!"

"Yeah,—just a kid,—but he's strong as a grizzly!" said the man who had been sitting astraddle of Cameron. "Better tie his hands before you start!"

"Uh!" grunted Black Feather. "Me see. Bring boy here!"

CAMERON, strangely enough, felt no great fear. He found himself much calmer than he had been on the wild ride. Gazing about at the wooded area, the stretch of water and the sky, he sensed the familiarity of his surroundings. This was country that he understood. The trees seemed to stand as friendly allies; the water whispered words of courage as it lapped upon the shore; the stars blinked down protectingly. In such surroundings Cameron was much surer of himself. He might be in bad hands, but he was far more confident of coping with any situation in the open. And he certainly was unafraid of Indians!

Black Feather, with Cameron on the ground beside the truck, examined the captive carefully.

"Uh!" he said and unfastened a strip of rawhide from about his waist.

Cameron's hands were tied tightly behind him.

"Got him?" asked the driver of the truck, taking care to stand back in the shadows.

"Uh!"

"Well, you keep him till—" said the other man. Cameron was unable to catch the rest of the sentence because the voice was purposely dropped.

Black Feather prodded the helpless factor's son in the back and directed his steps toward the edge of the lake. As they started down the sloping incline, Cameron discovered a canoe with its nose out of water. A lantern, its light well shielded, had been placed in the bow.

Cameron was about to get into the canoe at the Indian's command when he thought better of it. He had been in canoes many, many times and was skilled in the handling of them. But Black Feather mustn't know this! Black Feather must think that Cameron was not a backwoodsman.

Cameron MacBain Backwoodsman

By HAROLD M. SHERMAN and HAWTHORNE DANIEL

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN



Moulton Pierce

When Cameron did step into the canoe, after much nervous hesitation, it was to stumble in such a fashion that he almost fell into the water.

"Uh!" snorted the half-breed in disgust, as he grabbed the boy given into his charge. "You no good! Sit down right away quick!"

Cameron seated himself clumsily in the bow, actually having some difficulty this time, as his manacled hands did not permit him to maintain his balance. Black Feather leaped in, worked his way deftly to the stern, and crouched, paddle in hand.

The man who had held Cameron during the jolting ride over country roads laid hold of the canoe's bow and pushed it off from shore. As he leaned down the light from the lantern fell directly across his face and Cameron, looking full at him, saw for the first time who it was.

"Tony!" he gasped.

The figure addressed let out a curse at having been recognized. The next instant the canoe had been spun about and was being headed out into the lake, propelled by the powerful stroking of Black Feather.

And, back on land, Cameron heard the angry mutter of a motor as the truck got under way again. For a moment the headlights flared out into the lake, making everything that was touched by the illumination appear ghastly against the background of black. Then the car, having been turned

around, climbed the grade to the road and was soon swallowed up in the ink of night.

The factor's son was left to a queer, palpitating silence, broken only by the steady swish of the paddle. So, Tony had had a hand in this mysterious kidnapping, had he? Was it some sort of revenge which had been worked out by Tony for the attack which he had made upon him? Such a conjecture seemed unlikely. The chances were that some one had wanted to get rid of him and that Tony, because of his feeling toward—Say, maybe that phone call—could it be that? Cameron's head reeled dizzily. There was no use trying to figure things out now. It was more important that he keep his eyes and ears alert. So far he had retained a good sense of direction. This would aid him in case he could ever get away. Cameron peered into the darkness ahead, striving intensely to determine whither he was bound.

MOULTON PIERCE waited a good hour for the nephew of Cameron MacBain to return. When this time had passed and there were still no signs of the boy, Mr. Pierce began to grow a bit uneasy.

"Wonder if Cameron could have lost his way?" Mr. Pierce asked anxiously of his wife.

"Doesn't seem likely," reassured Mrs. Pierce. "Perhaps he's just been detained at the rooming-house or has met some one whom he's become acquainted with."

"But he said he wouldn't be gone more than half an hour," protested Mr. Pierce, "and he's more than an hour overdue this minute. I'm going out to see if I can locate him!"

Mr. Pierce slipped on his hat and coat and hurried over to the rooming-house, taking a course that he felt Cameron would be sure to follow.

But there was no Cameron to be seen. At the rooming-house Mrs. Miller told Mr. Pierce, quite haughtily, that the boy had checked out an hour or so ago and that he hadn't told her where he was going. Yes, she had asked him in particular because she was interested in the lad, but he was either too shy or too close-mouthed for any good use.

"I'm not so sorry to be rid of him, either, if you'd inquire of me," declared Mrs. Miller, looking most formidable when drawn up to her full weight of two hundred and thirty-one pounds. "I been hearing some things about him today that ain't so complimentary. It's my idee, judging from the

hurry he was in leaving my place, that he was headed for the depot!"

Moulton Pierce thanked Mrs. Miller and turned away, thoughtfully.

"Oh, you're welcome enough. But how come you're so worked up over the boy, Mr. Pierce? Well, can you beat that? He walked me off, too!"

Poor Mrs. Miller! Her unquenchable curiosity was never going to be satisfied! Mr. Pierce, getting the information he had desired, fairly ran to the railroad station. Old Bob Doyle was not on duty, and the night man did not know of the boy. He didn't even remember if a boy had bought a ticket for No. 43. But a boy easily might have. He'd been unusually busy just about train time on account of having to report the freight wreck on the Berry siding.

Worriedly the intimate friend of the late Cameron MacBain retraced his steps to his home. Mrs. Pierce, now considerably concerned herself, met him at the door.

"What's happened?" she asked, tremulously. "Has he met with an accident?"

Mr. Pierce pursed his lips and shook his head.

"I don't think so. Do you know what I think? I think, Mrs. Pierce, that there's something rather fishy about this boy who claims to be Cameron MacBain's nephew. Remember his telling of the trouble he'd had convincing Stearns and Evans of his identity? And his saying that he couldn't reach anybody he knew in time to prove who he was? Well, as soon as he suggests the name Ballinger and I have volunteered to send a wire—Looks like the fellow has slipped town. I'm not so sure now that there is such a person as Frank Ballinger. And if there is and he doesn't know this lad, the boy would have gotten in bad by staying on!"

"Oh, that doesn't seem possible!" objected Mrs. Pierce. "He looked like the real sort, and why would he—"

"There's lots of strange things happening these days," said Mr. Pierce. "You can't always tell by the looks. Some one probably put him up to it. A boy might get away with it where a man couldn't. Anyway, I'm glad, if he was an impostor, that he didn't get in with me any more than he did. It would have made me the laughingstock of the town!"

BY experienced timing, Cameron was able to tell that the canoe had traversed a mile and a half when he first sighted the dark outlines of a strip of land. As the canoe was driven closer, the factor's son suppressed a hum of excitement. He was being taken to an island!

Black Feather ran the canoe up on a sandy beach. "Get out!" he ordered, grasping Cameron roughly by the shoulder.

Cameron staggered to his feet. He had been unable to change his position since the start and felt badly cramped. But he was not permitted an opportunity to get the kinks out of his legs, being thrust from the canoe with a push which sent him reeling.

Black Feather picked up the lantern and held it aloft so that a narrow path was

lighted ahead. Back among the trees Cameron espied a small log cabin. Black Feather directed his charge up to this building, unlocked the heavily barred door, and flung Cameron inside.

In Deep River three men, getting the report of a certain lad's safe delivery into the half-breed's hands, congratulated themselves that Cameron MacBain had been gotten out of the way and put in a place where he could cause no trouble until after the first of October, when it would be too late.

the moment I saw the lad! And the proof of the pie is in the way he cleared out the instant it looked like some one was going to investigate his identity. I didn't give him any encouragement at all. Why should I? Er—incidentally—what address did the boy give you in connection with that Mr. Ballinger?"

"Not much. He just said that Ballinger was factor of the post at Edmonton."

"A likely story. The boy showed me a letter which purported to have been written by his father, factor of the post at Fort Seldon. Did you see it?"

"N-no, he didn't show me that." Mr. Pierce stared at Stearns a moment. "Wouldn't that have been rather convincing if—"

but the message that these casually uttered sentences contained caused secret rejoicing. It meant that the one man who the three felt might cause considerable trouble had been won over to their side.

CAMERON, a prisoner in the firmly built log cabin, not realizing that Moulton Pierce had turned against him, sat wondering how he might get word of his capture and predicament to his late uncle's best friend.

Existence on the island was not a hardship to the boy from the Hudson's Bay trading post. Though Black Feather saw to it that he was never so much as allowed outside the cabin, Cameron felt more at home in his lonely surroundings than he had felt since

municative. Most of his remarks were covered by the expressionless grunt, "Uh!"

Each day that passed, Cameron made a little notch with a pointed piece of glass on a stick of wood. It was imperative that he keep track of the time. There was no longer any wonderment in his mind as to the reason for his having been kidnapped and carried to this barren place. For some reason or other, certain individuals in Deep River did not want him to secure his uncle's valuable estate. As old Bob, the station master, had said, "There's something rotten in Denmark!"

Cameron strained his memory in an effort to recall all that he had heard about Evans and Stearns and Hale. There was something else old Bob had suggested about his uncle's will—something specifying that, if no heirs were found, the property was to go to some charitable organization. Could it be that the people who were in charge had—But, no! His present circumstances could be traced to more direct sources than that. There was that remark which he had overheard the night he was behind his uncle's store: "Oh, he's the boy all right, but he hasn't any proof that would hold in court, and he can't get it until next year!" If Cameron lived to be twice a hundred, he could never forget that. And such a declaration would serve to indicate that it had been Stearns or Evans or Hale who was responsible for his solitary confinement—or was it all of them? Why, it was perfectly obvious now. How thick-headed he had been!

He had really been unwittingly forewarned, and by no less a personage than the daughter of Benbow Evans. She hadn't realized it of course, but when she had told him of having overheard her father say that they "would take care of him today" she had given Cameron a hint of impending trouble. He had been "taken care of" all right, though not in the way that Catherine had anticipated. How easily he must have walked into their trap! This should be a lesson to him to pay close heed to everything that was said, to consider it carefully, and to determine the real meaning behind it, if more than one meaning existed.

There was that other remark, too, on that now memorable night when Cameron had unintentionally played the eavesdropper. Here was a remark which took on great significance in the light of what had happened: "Well, if we hold him off until after the first of October, his proof won't do him any good anyway!" Hold him off! This was the way they were doing it! For some reason the first of October was a most important date. And for that reason, whatever it was, he must get back to Deep River before then and get in touch with Moulton Pierce!

ON the third day of Cameron's confinement, Black Feather entered the log cabin to find that the inner lock to the heavy door had been broken. Gloweringly he advanced upon his captive and struck Cameron sharply across the face with his open palm. The blow was delivered quickly, unexpectedly, and, though made with the flat of the hand, it carried sufficient power to knock the factor's son down.

"No try that again!" warned Black Feather, menacingly.

Cameron rose, one side of his face a livid red. He craftily made a pretense of being much alarmed. The half-breed swaggered to the door and examined the lock. Then he pointed to the bar which fitted across the outside of the door and, with a leering grin, indicated how hopeless it would be for Cameron to make any further attempt at breaking out. Cameron observed this bar for the first time with sinking heart.

That night Black Feather returned in better spirits, owing to his having imbibed freely from the intoxicating contents of a bottle. He slouched around and watched Cameron as he hungrily attacked a piece of store bread. The food with which Cameron was supplied told only too plainly that the Indian had access to some hamlet or crossroads store, that he visited the mainland regularly.

Taking advantage of Black Feather's good humor and finding him in his first talkative mood, the factor's son made bold to put a number of carefully guarded questions, at the same time keeping on the alert for the slightest opportunity to get away. There were several serious things to consider in the matter of making an escape, however. Cameron might succeed in breaking from the cabin if Black Feather were caught in an unguarded moment, but such an escape would avail nothing if he were unable to get off the island. A mile and a half of water



Defly, without letting his Indian captor realize how much valuable knowledge he was actually communicating, Cameron gradually secured practically all the facts he needed to know about the country

THE next morning Moulton Pierce paid lawyer Stearns a call. He had spent a sleepless night in wondering about the strange disappearance of the youth who had claimed lineage with the well-known Cameron MacBain of Deep River.

"So the boy called on you, too, did he?" chuckled Stearns, following the question with a booming laugh. "Where is he now?"

"That's just it!" answered Mr. Pierce. "He's down the coop, as they say. I thought, if he really was an heir, that I'd like to do all I could for him. So I invited him to put up at my house and sent him after his things. I also dispatched a wire to a man by the name of Frank Ballinger who the lad said might be able to identify him."

Lawyer Stearns's eyes narrowed. "That so? Doesn't that strike you as a rather unwise move to have made, Moulton? You might at least have seen me before taking such a step. Remember, you're only one of the executors!"

Mr. Pierce looked his surprise. "Why, what harm was there in trying to get in touch with such a man? The boy told me he'd been meeting with some difficulty establishing his identity, and I only offered to do what I'm sure you would have—"

Lawyer Stearns raised a restraining hand. "I would not have acted on the impulse," he interrupted. "You've had no return wire from this—Mr. Ballinger, have you?"

Mr. Pierce shook his head.

"Not yet. I'm not expecting any. Neither am I trying to excuse myself for the effort I made to assist the lad. I'm quite convinced now that he was some sort of impostor employed, perhaps, by some clever person who thought that the boy, apparently having come from a far-off country, might be received with open arms and the property placed in trust for him."

Lawyer Stearns's eyes gleamed. "Exactly!" he snapped, banging a fist on his desk for emphasis. "Just as I analyzed

"Only part of any well-cooked scheme. Do I know the boy's father? Would you accept as conclusive any word from some one who was a total stranger to you? Absurd!"

"But what was the father's first name?" queried Mr. Pierce, still reluctant to let the matter completely drop. "There might have been something a bit conclusive in that. I didn't think to ask the boy. I expected to have much more time to talk to him and—"

"I've forgotten," said Mr. Stearns, with a shrug of his broad shoulders. "In fact I doubt if I even noticed it—the name, I mean."

"Cam used to speak to me of a brother Matthew," said Mr. Pierce, recollecting. "You don't have any remembrance?"

"No, and if that should have been the name signed to the letter, it would not necessarily have meant anything. You'll pardon me, Moulton, but you seem to be exceedingly gullible. I can readily see that that innocent-looking kid almost made you believe that black is white! Forget it! Don't worry your head about this mix-up any more. You can bet your hat you won't hear from the professed nephew of Cameron MacBain again!"

Mr. Pierce arose to take leave. He extended his hand, smilingly.

"You must make allowances for me, John," he apologized. "Not having a legal turn of mind, I'm apt to be easily influenced!"

Lawyer Stearns waited until he heard Mr. Pierce's steps die away on the stairs. Then he reached over and pulled the telephone toward him.

"That you, Evans?" he said a moment later, when he had got his number. "I just had a talk with Pierce. He agrees with us that the boy's an impostor. When you drop in at the store tell Hale."

There was nothing in this conversation to give any possible listener-in a suspicion,

leaving Fort Seldon. There were two small windows in the cabin, too small and too high up to permit of escape, but large enough for Cameron to catch occasional glimpses of the out-of-doors. He set about early to acquaint himself thoroughly with every chink and crevice of the cabin. He went over the floor carefully to see if there might be a chance of digging his way out. But, though he removed some of the flooring and examined the ground underneath, he abandoned this idea as unwise. In the first place there was nothing in the cabin that he could use to dig with except a board. And then the earth seemed to cover a hardpan of rock. A pile of rubbish in one corner gave forth the only faint glimmer of hope. From it Cameron extracted several sharp pieces of glass, fragments of a bottle which the Indian had evidently broken. Some odd strips of wood next caught his attention.

"Ash!" exclaimed Cameron, calling his backwoodsman's knowledge into play. "Great wood for a bow and arrows! And I could just about make one, too, though it would be slow work scraping and carving with this glass! But what'd be the use? There's nothing in here to make a string from."

Cameron made this last observation with a tinge of disappointment. But for the lack of this one vital thing—a substance from which to make a bow string—he was quite certain that he could have provided himself with a fairly effective weapon of defense.

Black Feather no doubt stayed at night on the mainland. Cameron judged this by the times that the Indian looked in upon him. The half-breed appeared almost on schedule, within an hour after sunup, around early afternoon and shortly before sundown. With every appearance he brought small portions of food and drinking water. But Black Feather, despite Cameron's efforts to draw him out, was not very com-

provided the staunchest of barriers, especially at this time of year, when the feel of fall was in the air and the lake water was taking on cooler degrees daily. It would be foolhardy for one to strike out in an endeavor to swim ashore.

To Cameron, who had spent hours in striving to devise a workable plan, the only worth-while escape seemed to be one in which he would be assured of securing Black Feather's canoe and such equipment as he would need. A hurried break for it would almost surely end in defeat. So, even as Cameron watched his chance, with the half-breed in a condition rapidly approaching the tipsy state, he considered it more advisable to get certain information from his captor, if he could, than to try for his freedom just yet.

"You're a pretty good canoeist, aren't you?" he asked, by way of starting the half-breed's tongue.

"You bet me good canoe!" rejoined Black Feather, tapping his chest proudly. "Me extra good canoe's man!"

Cameron could tell by the glint in the Indian's eyes that he had hit upon a weak spot. In fact it was more than a spot; it was a streak—a vain streak. If he could only play up to this colossal vanity in the fellow, he might be able to gain much needed information about the surrounding region! Cameron all but held his breath as he ventured the next question.

"What's the farthest you've ever canoeed?"

Black Feather sauntered unsteadily over to the door and lunched about, leaning his

back against it. He scratched his forehead.

"Le's see! Black Feather canoe once all way Deep River. She some big canoe! Rapid, she go fast like train. Black Feather think he go happy hunting ground many time—but he not go. He too good canoe's man!"

"All the way to Deep River!" exclaimed Cameron, feigning great admiration. "That is some big canoe! How far did you say it was?"

"Deep River? She sixty mile from here!"

Sixty miles! Whew! That was far! Cameron withheld a surprised gasp. He would have estimated thirty miles at the most if guessing from his amount of travel experience. It did not seem possible that the truck could have carried him so many miles in the time that it had. So—Deep River was a stream of rapids and treacherous whirlpools?

"The lake—she empties into Deep River, doesn't she?" Cameron queried, talking as much as he could in Black Feather's vernacular.

"Uh! She crazy river. She run out of lake."

Definitely, without letting his Indian captor realize how much valuable knowledge he was actually communicating, Cameron gradually secured practically all the facts he needed to know about the country. By the time that Black Feather decided, rather thickly, that he should be getting on for the night, Cameron could have drawn a fairly accurate sketch of the lake, its main outlet, Deep River, and the lay of the land for some distance around.

Black Feather was late in arriving the following morning. The sun was already well on its way toward midday when Cameron heard the tell-tale sounds of his approach. And even then the footsteps were shuffling and staggering. What could be the matter? Had the Indian injured himself? Cameron crouched by the door awaiting his entrance. He heard the hand as it fumbled at the bar, then the sound of the bar as it was dropped heavily to the frozen surface of the ground. The next moment the door swung open and Black Feather stumbled into the cabin with the handsome carcass of a deer thrown over his right shoulder. Cameron's eyes widened in admiration of the kill. The Indian had dressed the animal, which he proceeded to hang to an overhead rafter. This done, he backed off a few paces and stood regarding it with an air of conquest.

"Black Feather some rifle shot, eh?" he blurted, finally. "Deer, she run like all get out. Me shoot—ping, ping! Deer, she drop kerplunk!"

Cameron nodded his appreciation and, approaching the strung-up denizen of the forest, stroked its glossy coat. As he did so a quick thought flashed to mind, a thought which sent a thrill of hope throbbing through Cameron's veins.

"The string for my bow!" cried the factor's son to himself. "I can make it out of the deer's sinews!"

Cameron could scarcely wait for Black Feather to leave, so eager was he to get to work. It almost seemed as though the bringing of this deer to the cabin had come as an

act of providence. But there was no telling how long the half-breed would leave the deer there, so he must get busy at once removing the sinews from the body and concealing them while he was working on the construction of a bow and arrows. Black Feather had seen to it that nothing had been left in the cabin which would be of any aid to his captive other than that which would contribute to his comfort. Evidently those hiring the Indian to take care of Cameron had instructed him to see that no ill befell the boy, for plenty of blankets had been provided to guard against his suffering from the cold.

Despite this feeling of assurance as to his welfare, Cameron knew that he could expect little mercy should he attempt to escape. He had also discovered what it meant to arouse Black Feather's temper. Undoubtedly the Indian was a bad fellow when thoroughly aroused. Feverishly, after removing the sinews and laying them out to dry, Cameron selected one of the ash sticks and commenced a tedious shaping of it with a jagged piece of glass. He had little fear of detection, for there was a place under the floor into which he could quickly slip all evidences of his work, and there was always a half-minute's warning of Black Feather's return.

"This may not be as fine a bow as what Mr. Morton gave me a long time ago," said Cameron, as he labored, "but when I get it finished it's going to be the best friend I ever had, one that I can really depend on!"

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

DISCIPLINE was strict, in Carver & Co.'s bookstore, but there were times when it relaxed. The head of the firm was his own buyer, and went to all the auction sales of rare and valuable books. When his purchases came home, he and his secretary, Miss Reynolds, and the shipping clerk, Bert Nelson, were sure of some pleasant hours, up on the second floor.

There, while Bert opened the boxes and piled the books, and Miss Reynolds checked each lot on the auctioneer's list, Mr. Carver told them about his bargains. To listen was a liberal education, and Bert had sharp ears and a good memory.

The stories he had heard, of late months, had been unusually interesting. Hard times prevailed, and competitors were spending little money; but Mr. Carver kept adding to his stock. Several famous libraries went under the hammer, between October and May, and the firm took its pick from them. Then in June the auctioneers lumped a dozen consignments and announced the last sale of the season. Mr. Carver attended as usual. He surprised himself by his good fortune.

"It was a slaughter!" he told Miss Reynolds and Nelson, the day his purchases arrived. "Dealers are overloaded, and collectors won't come out in hot weather, and I got anything I wanted at my own price. The first edition of William Morris's 'Gwenivere,' for instance. I paid five dollars for it. I'll sell it for eighteen."

Bert laid the small brown volume reverently aside and took up two bundles of pamphlets, each tightly tied with stout cord.

Mr. Carver laughed.

"The big bundle is 'Americana,' twenty pieces, forty cents," he said. "That made even money. Only reason why I bought the stuff, I guess. I didn't look at it."

"By the way, Nelson," he added jovially, "here's a 'Centennial of North Yarmouth Academy,' on top. You're a Maine man and a patriot. You may have the bundle for what it cost, and start a collection of your own!"

"Thank you, sir. I'll take it," Bert answered.

"All right. Charge him forty cents, Miss Reynolds," said Mr. Carver as he walked away. "I'll throw in a word of advice: a poor man who undertakes to collect rare books is pretty much in the fix of a rag-picker who tries to cultivate a taste for diamonds."

Bert might have reminded his employer that, under the spell of Carver's, it was impossible not to be a collector. Mr. Morgenson, who bought everything about Lincoln, dropped in every few days at Carver's. So did Mr. Burroughs, whose ambition was to own every early American novel. Men who sought their favorite works in the first editions came thither; and here too you met men who bought anything that was old, or beautifully bound, or very rare. Listening

For Two Cents

By WALTER LEON SAWYER

Illustrated by PHILIP PARSONS



While Bert opened the boxes and piled the books, and Miss Reynolds checked each lot on the auctioneer's list, Mr. Carver told them about his bargains

to the talk of these men, you chose a "specialty" of your own, almost in self-defense.

Nelson had thought his a very modest ambition, when he resolved to get all the books that told about his native county. But town histories and the like are not always interesting, and after a time he decided to look also for books written by natives of the county. That ensured him some entertainment, as well as instruction. Unfortunately, it so broadened the field that he sometimes felt as if he had tied himself to an endless task.

THE bundle of pamphlets fell to him on one of his days of depression. It revived his enthusiasm. There was a chance that every pamphlet in the lot might relate to his county! He could hardly wait to get home to his boarding-house before cutting the string.

It proved that the pamphlets were of all shapes and sizes, and treated of many different themes. Taking them in order, after the "Centennial," Bert found a college catalogue, an old political speech by Speaker Reed, an ancient argument for "Cheap Postage," a Massachusetts railway report, and a treatise by Junius on the public lands. This last was a fat and spongy affair, and

as Bert took it up there fell from the bottom a smaller pamphlet that had evidently been pressed against it and had adhered to it. He glanced at the quaint title-page, brown with age and use. "Increase Mather" were the first words which caught his eye.

Only half comprehending the importance of his discovery, he read aloud: "A Seasonable Testimony to Good Order in the Churches of the Faithful." He glanced at the date, "Boston, 1720." He counted the pages, twenty. Then he hurriedly hunted up a price list which, he believed, recorded the sale of a copy of this same pamphlet.

Yes, there it was fully described. That copy had brought one hundred and fifty dollars. And for this one, he had paid Mr. Carver two cents!

Somehow it occurred to him just then that profits of this kind are a fair thing in the rare-book business. Mr. Carver had expressed his willingness to sell for eighteen dollars a book which only cost five. The percentage of profit in that case was nothing to what it would be with the Increase Mather pamphlet. Bert tried to figure out a comparison. The figures blurred. He was much too excited to think about anything but his wonderful luck.

Then it struck him that this was no fair

bargain. The implied understanding had been that there was nothing of exceptional value in the bundle. Would it not be a kind of theft if he violated that understanding and took advantage of an oversight?

On the other hand, suppose Mr. Morgenson or Mr. Burroughs or any other customer had found a rarity in such a package. Bert told himself that these men would keep it; in fact, any one of them would probably come back and gibe at Mr. Carver about it. But he very well knew that no customer would be given a chance to purchase a bundle before it was opened and examined. Had it not been for Mr. Carver's freakish impulse, this little brown pamphlet would now be safely in the showcase.

Then Bert tried to meet his conscience with the ingenious argument that Mr. Carver, who had a large conceit of himself, would rather lose the pamphlet than stand convicted of a foolish act. But self-conceit is one thing, and money is another; and at the bottom of his heart Bert knew that Mr. Carver would resent, more than anything else, the giving of a single pamphlet away at a loss.

NONE of the reasons that he could muster for keeping the pamphlet seemed quite conclusive. But when he was ready to start for the shop next morning he set his lips, locked the pamphlet away in a bureau drawer and went to work with the problem unsolved. He spent a disagreeable day. Every moment he expected to hear Mr. Carver's noisy, genial voice asking what he had found in the package. However, the day passed without such an incident. Bert went home, still wavering in indecision, and stared gloomily for part of the evening at the little brown pamphlet. During the rest of the time he fondled it and dreamed of a Mather collection.

All this was foolish and weak and wrong-headed on his part. But all collectors, whether of books or stamps or birds' eggs, will understand how he felt. They will not wonder that, in spite of his doubts, the new possession grew hourly more precious to him. And if they have ever been tempted, it will not surprise them to learn that the longer he kept the pamphlet the less he felt like giving it up.

After all, he argued, he had taken a chance on the bundle, as well as Mr. Carver. The bundle might have proved to consist entirely of worthless stuff, not worth the forty cents he had paid. That there was a treasure in it was his fortune, not his fault. But, since Mr. Carver had been the unfortunate one, Bert felt inclined to make up the loss to him. He began to work very hard. He shortened his lunch hour. He made great economies in the use of wrapping paper and string. His zeal must have been conspicuous, though he did not wish to make it so.

It was an unpleasant surprise to him when, one Saturday afternoon, Mr. Carver asked the cashier to pay him an extra dollar a week.

"You are doing good work, Nelson," he said.

"But sir—" Bert began, drawing back a step. This new arrangement would conflict with rendering valuable services for which he would not be paid. "I don't like to take more money in summer, when business is dull," he explained, unconvincingly. "I—I wish you'd put it off till October."

Mr. Carver laughed boisterously. "All right," he said; and that was the end of the incident. But it revived Bert's doubts. If he was really sure that he was right in keeping the pamphlet, why should he refuse money that he had legitimately earned? He went home feeling unhappy, and he had no very warm welcome for Jack Murray when Jack dashed into his room. Jack had a basement bookstore of his own, and he always overflowed with information which Bert was glad to get.

"I found some of your county stuff today," was Murray's greeting. "I'm not too proud to come to you after business. Look it over. Some of it will be new to you, I know."

He stood aside and cast an eye over Bert's bookshelves. He took down some of the books.

"Well, what do you know about this?" he cried, all at once.

Bert saw that Jack had found the Mather pamphlet.

"This is all right, this is!" Murray went on. "How did you get it? Bag it?"

"I don't understand."

"That's easy. Suppose the firm sends you out to buy a lot of books, or to box up a library that has been bought. If you stumble on any trifle like this, that sort of fits into your personal scheme—well, you bag it for yourself. Lots of bright young men have helped themselves to start in business that way."

"I'm not a thief!"

"Oh, sure, sure," Murray agreed. "We aren't thieves in this business—and we aren't chumps, either. I suppose you don't want to let this go. I know where I could place it."

Bert took a sudden resolution. "No," he said. "It belongs to Mr. Carver."

"Oh, I see," Murray's tone suggested real regret; but this only strengthened Bert's determination. Within a few minutes after Murray went away, Bert and the little brown pamphlet were on the way to Mr. Carver's house.

"WELL, Nelson," said Mr. Carver, "I knew that the Mather would turn up sooner or later."

"How did you know I had it?"

"I don't sell packages with my eyes shut," replied Mr. Carver with his noisy laugh.

"The former owner raised a row with the auctioneers when he found they hadn't sold it separately. Then the auctioneers naturally decided that it must have slipped into a bundle. I bought all the bundles that were put up at that sale. Since the pamphlet wasn't in any of the others, I knew it was in the one that I sold to you for forty cents."

Mr. Carver seemed so good-natured that Bert ventured to go to the point at once.

"Did I do wrong to keep it?"

"Did you feel as if you were doing right?"

"Well, no—not exactly."

"Call it a test if you like," said Mr. Carver.

"Every employer has to test a young man somehow. I have known all along that you had the pamphlet. If I apparently robbed myself by letting you have it, why, so much the worse for me. That's what a good many people would tell you. On the other hand, our bargain was based on the implied understanding that the bundle contained nothing more than a generous money's worth. That's my side of the case."

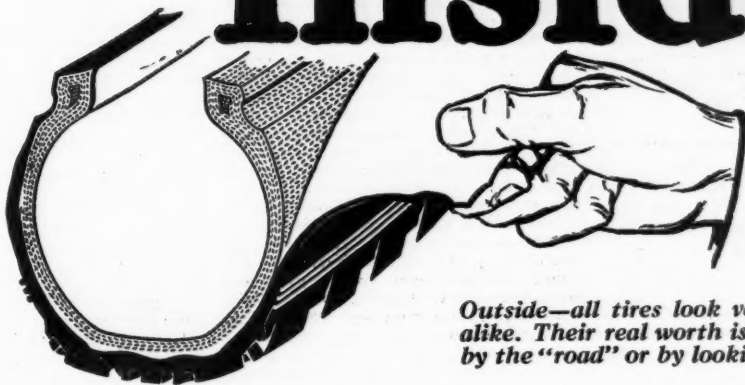
Bert nodded.

"An employee's duty is to prevent anyone, himself included, from taking advantage of his employer," added Mr. Carver. "Because an employee has special opportunity for getting the better of the man that pays his wages, he should be all the more careful to be honest. I'm glad you argued this case out for yourself and came to the conclusion that the pamphlet belongs to me. That's why I'm going to give it to you for your own, and raise your salary besides. I take it you haven't any objection, now, to accepting the raise I offered you this afternoon."

Bert Nelson flushed. "Thank you very much, sir," he replied.

Then Mr. Carver held out his hand. "Go on as you've begun," he said. "When you feel any doubt about whether an action is right or not, you will always be safe in deciding that it isn't. If you stick to that rule, you may sometimes lose a little immediate money—but you'll make more in the end."

Let's look inside



Outside—all tires look very much alike. Their real worth is told only by the "road" or by looking inside.

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FACT AND COMMENT

WHEN man has succeeded in making it possible to do all his work by merely pressing buttons, will Nature say to him, "Very well, I will see to it that you have only intelligence enough to press a button?"

AT A RECENT MEETING of puzzle experts these ingenious beings selected what they call the perfect anagram. It is short and compact, as most perfect things are—"The eyes, they see." We can at once supply another one, built on the same model—"This ear—it hears."

IT IS SAID that President Coolidge's address on Washington's birthday was almost literally heard around the world. It was broadcast through forty-two stations in the United States and, sent out on low frequency waves from KDKA in Pittsburgh, was certainly heard in Europe and South America. Whether it could be heard in Asia, we do not know. In any event it will be only a very short time before arrangements can be made for transmitting anything that is of sufficient importance to every corner of the globe.

COLOR IN ARCHITECTURE

THE next step in the development of a novel and striking form of twentieth-century architecture is going to be the free use of color on the surfaces and the decorative detail of our buildings. We call such architecture "novel," and yet it is so only in a relative sense. It is unusual with us, and has been so since the rise of the cool, gray or white buildings of the Renaissance. Yet the Egyptians and the Greeks loaded the pediments of their temples and other buildings with color, just as they painted or gilded their marble statues. Byzantium used exterior color lavishly, and many of the buildings of the Middle Ages—particularly the houses of the people—were bright with paint. Even today in tropical or semitropical cities, houses of pink, or blue, or yellow or orange are not uncommon.

But until lately the architects of our great public or commercial buildings have not ventured to decorate them with color. The first notable exception was the American Radiator Building in New York, whose dark, almost black surface was edged and capped with bands of bright gold. The new Park Avenue building, also in New York, is going farther. Above the fifteenth story, the cornices and the edges of the set-backs—of which there are three before the thirty-fifth story is reached—will be decorated with bands or friezes of color, pale blue and pink at the lower levels, and gradually growing more intense as they approach the top of the building. The new Philadelphia Art Museum is another building that illustrates the new note in architecture. The cornices and corners are to be boldly treated in color, and the sculptural groups that fill the pediment on the front of the building are made of terra cotta in a variety of brilliant colors.

Architects everywhere are watching these experiments with interest, and many of them are eager to follow the example of the innovators in their own work. It will take a little time for us to get used to this sort of thing, for not only tradition but our northern shrinking from brightness and display will make these excursions into polychromatics disconcerting. But, skillfully used, color is bound to be a pleasing feature in architecture, and it is particularly serviceable in

giving a much-needed touch of grace and lightness to the overwhelming mass of stone which great modern sky-scrapers present to the eye. We anticipate that the cities of the future will offer an effect of gayety and picturesque charm with which our modern civilization has long been unfamiliar.

USEFUL YOUNG CITIZENS

PEOPLE who live in cities—and they are now more than half of the population of the United States—hear much of basketball teams, hockey teams, dancing classes and other organizations that hold the interest of the young people of the towns and villages, but they know little of the boys' and girls' farm clubs to which so many of their country cousins belong.

Raising a thoroughbred Jersey calf or a prize Poland pig may be less exciting than dribbling a puck down a rink to the cheers of crowded grandstands, but it pays better and contributes more to the health and welfare of the country. And so, this coming June, the nation is going to recognize the services that the country boys and girls are performing, by entertaining them for a week at the capital.

On the grounds of the Department of Agriculture will spring up one of the most interesting camps that the country has ever seen. The city of tents that will rise there will house nearly two hundred young farmers and their sisters, all of them members of the farm clubs. The number will include two delegates from each state, chosen for proficiency and success in some branch of farming or domestic science. The week will be devoted to both junior and adult conferences and joint meetings to discuss questions that the young people propose, and experts will talk on the best methods of growing corn, potatoes, cotton and other crops, on raising pigs, beef and dairy calves, on poultry, dressmaking, cooking, house furnishing and other domestic matters, to the end that the young listeners may carry back new and helpful ideas to the eleven million boys and girls who live on farms.

There will also be educational trips about Washington, to make the visitors more familiar with the organization of the government and the work of its various branches. Flag-raising and setting-up exercises will open the days, and concerts by the Marine Band, radio programs and other entertainments will close them. All in all, the fortunate young people whom their states choose as delegates are likely to have a week that they will remember. Each of them may justly feel proud that a sovereign state has chosen him or her to represent it before the nation, for services that are in the highest sense patriotic.

THE BOULDER CANYON DAM

AMONG the important measures that Congress failed to pass upon at the recently adjourned session is the bill providing for the construction of the great Boulder Canyon dam on the Colorado River. This great engineering scheme has long been under discussion. It proposes a dam, no less than six hundred feet high, between the precipitous walls of Boulder Canyon, which is twenty or thirty miles below the end of the series of magnificent gorges that are together known as the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Such a dam would create a great reservoir that would contain water enough to irrigate 7,120,000 acres of rainless or nearly rainless land—an area considerably greater than that of the fertile land of Egypt; it would control the occasionally disastrous floods to which the Imperial Valley and other districts along the lower course of the river are subject; and it would be capable of producing the enormous quantity of 11,000,000 horsepower of electrical energy.

For a number of years the project was delayed by the difficulty of settling what rights each of the seven states touched or traversed by the Colorado had in the water of the river. Finally these states did agree upon the amount of water each might divert for irrigation purposes, and the way seemed clear for the building of the dam. But at the last moment, Arizona put in a claim for an annual payment of \$6,000,000 a year, in return for its consent to the generation of electrical power at the dam. Taking advantage of the Senate rules, which permit unlimited debate, the Senators from Arizona prevented the bill from coming to a vote.

The development of the enormous possibilities of the Colorado River for further

service to the agriculture and industry of the nation is therefore indefinitely delayed. But the project is not, of course, abandoned. How the matter will be settled in the end, we cannot predict. Arizona may carry its point, it may be obliged to give up its claim, or a compromise may somehow be arrived at. But the dam must sometime or other be built, and when it is it will be an engineering work of extraordinary magnitude and of equally extraordinary value to the far Southwest.

TWO FRENCH HEROINES

A RECENT debate in the British Parliament has given to the world a remarkable story of faithfulness and courage shown by two Frenchwomen who risked their lives during the entire course of the World War to save a British soldier from capture and execution. The man was Corporal Fowler of the 11th Hussars. Cut off from his regiment near Le Cateau, in January, 1915, he was found hiding in the woods by a lad who managed to get him unseen into the house of Mme Gobert in the village of Bertry. The Germans occupied Bertry then and continued to do so until the last month of the war. The British soldier was concealed in a wardrobe, where Mme Gobert and her daughter kept him supplied with food and medicine for three years and eight months. During this time German soldiers were constantly visiting the house and were often billeted there.

German proclamations had prescribed death as the punishment for sheltering an enemy fugitive; and if Fowler had been discovered, not only he but the women who had given him succor would have been shot. The strain on the refugee and the brave Frenchwomen must have been fearful. When at last the British occupied Bertry and Fowler could safely leave his concealment, he came forth, white-haired, bent, aged before his time. Mme and Mlle Gobert never considered giving him up or asking him to relieve them of the responsibility for his safety. For almost four years they faced with him the daily possibility of death. It is almost incredible that they were able so long to keep him hidden from the enemy.

The British government made Mme Gobert an honorary officer of the Order of the British Empire eight years ago. Now that it is reported that she and her daughter are in poverty and want, a national subscription has been opened to provide for their necessities, and a speaker in Parliament declared that their long martyrdom would justify the erection of a statue to them in Great Britain. It is certain that their devotion and heroism were at least equal to those of Edith Cavell, who was the British heroine of the war, though they were not called upon, like Miss Cavell, to suffer death for what they did.

THIS BUSINESS WORLD

A Weekly Summary of Current Events

THE FARM BILL VETO

THE President vetoed the McNary-Haugen farm-relief bill in a long message devoted to a thorough analysis of the bill and a careful statement of his reasons for considering the legislation ill-advised and probably unconstitutional. He dwelt especially on the administrative difficulties the measure would present, on the fact that it was frankly for the benefit of only a part of the nation's farmers, on his conviction that it would not operate to the advantage of those whom it was intended to help, that it set true economic principles at defiance, and that it was suspect of unconstitutionality in limiting the President in the appointment of the proposed administrative board to certain candidates submitted by farm organizations. The feeling in the grain- and corn-growing states, after the veto was sent to Congress, was one of disappointment and protest, and one of the first symptoms of that feeling was the open demand of some of the political leaders of that region that ex-Governor Lowden of Illinois should become the candidate of the Western agricultural states for the Presidency.

ELK HILLS LEASES VOIDED

THE United States Supreme Court has decided that the lease of naval-reserve oil lands in the Elk Hills district of California, which the Doheny oil interest secured from the government during the administration

of President Harding, must be annulled. The court held that the leases were the result of collusion between Mr. Doheny and Secretary Fall, that they were illegally procured, and were "tainted with fraud and corruption." The Teapot Dome cases, which are similar in character except that the lessees were the Sinclair companies, have not yet come to a final decision, though those leases too have been ordered annulled by the lower Federal courts.

A TRAGEDY OF THE AIR

THE "good-will flight," so called, in the course of which five United States Army planes were to visit in turn all the countries of Central and South America, has been unlucky from the start. The aviators met almost every kind of accident and delay in their cruise through Central America, and one of the planes was so injured that it had to be abandoned. When at length the fliers reached South America they hoped for better fortune. They visited the countries of the west coast and crossed the Andes safely, but in landing at Buenos Aires two of the planes collided. Both were wrecked, and one, the Detroit, was set on fire and consumed. The two aviators on that plane, Captain Woolsey and Lieutenant Benton, were killed; Lieutenant Benton was unable to get out of the burning plane, and Captain Woolsey fell to the ground when his parachute failed to open. The two remaining planes are to continue the flight to Brazil, the West Indies, and so back to Washington.

BRITAIN AND RUSSIA

THE British government has sent a tart note to Moscow, warning the soviet government that, if its agents do not stop fomenting unrest among the working people of Great Britain and openly encouraging anti-British feeling in China, the commercial agreements now existing between the two countries will be abrogated and all diplomatic relations be severed. Moscow replied promptly, denying that the soviet government has done either of these things, and accusing British Conservative politicians of saying just as hard things of Russia as the soviet leaders have been saying about England.

M. POINCARÉ'S OFFER

THE Premier of France, M. Poincaré, has offered to pay the United States Treasury \$30,000,000 this year, which is \$10,000,000 more than France owes on the amount due us for war supplies purchased in 1920, and is also the exact amount it would owe us if the Mellon-Beranger debt agreement had been ratified. M. Poincaré was careful to add that this offer did not bind France to the acceptance of that agreement, but it is clear that he has it in mind to relax somewhat the tension between the two countries and put France in the position of paying whatever it can afford. Our government made a friendly reply, accepting the offer, and expressing its gratification at this unsolicited evidence that France is approaching the question of debt settlement in good faith.

CONGRESS ADJOURNS

AS the session ended the Senate gave its usual exhibition of parliamentary confusion. Half a dozen Senators undertook filibusters against various bills they did not like, and some of them persisted successfully to the end. The banking bill, which permits national banks to engage in "branch" banking in states where that practice is permitted to state banks, the new prohibitory-enforcement legislation and the public-buildings bill passed, but the bill to authorize the construction of the great dam at Boulder Canyon and the emergency army-officers' retirement bill got lost in the shuffle. So also did the important general-deficiency bill and the resolution to continue the special committee which has been investigating the source of funds raised in various senatorial primary campaigns. The President has indicated that he does not mean to call a special session of the new Congress.

ANOTHER CONSPIRACY TRIAL

THE trial of former Attorney-General Daugherty and former Alien Property Commissioner Miller for conspiracy to defraud the United States in allowing improper claims amounting to \$7,000,000 resulted in the conviction of Mr. Miller and a disagreement as to Mr. Daugherty. After seventy hours in the jury room a unanimous verdict was found to be impossible.

A Question Answered



FRANCES EMBERSON, G. Y. C. Active Member, from Missouri, asks, "Must I record only my own enterprises, or shall I record those that I follow up from the G. Y. C. page, too? Must enterprises be only active things, like my garden-to-be or making new spring dresses, or may I record such things as reading Sara Teasdale's latest volume and Donn Byrne's newest book or an interesting article in the Forum or the Atlantic Monthly? I like to keep up on good modern poetry and prose and also to delve into some older volume I haven't read, such as Thackeray's Henry Esmond or George Eliot's Middlemarch. Can reading count?"

Yes! Record every enterprise that you achieve success with as a member of the G. Y. C. Under its right heading in your diary you will find that it is a help as well as a satisfaction to have such information to refer back to from time to time.

H. G.

1927 Is Tree Year

CAMP FIRE GIRLS everywhere are making this year a very important one in their program by carrying out plans for tree-planting or for tree-lore instruction in tree-marking, tree-mapping, extermination of insects harmful to forest life, and in active forest-fire prevention. This is all in the good cause of fostering forest conservation as well as helping to create new forests in our country. Groups of girls all over the country are entering into this program, as you may already know; and if you are as enthusiastic about it as we are, we know that you will cooperate with them in any way you can. Planting new trees is the kind of contribution to your community that will be a lasting one. If you would like to know more about something definite you can do to help the Camp Fire Girls in achieving success in this enterprise of theirs, write to Mr. Lester F. Scott, at 31 East 17th Street, New York City.

HAZEL GREY

From Girl to Girl



Costume from Filson's Hoyle Studios

Sherman Hall
Dearest Adelaide:
Here is one of the best-looking spring ensembles that I've seen—Hazel Grey went shopping with me, and we had a good time hunting it up. The suit is very plain: a severely tailored jacket with double-breasted notch collar, and a wrap-around skirt. The topcoat is a marvel of tailoring, too. Its raglan sleeves and patch pockets give it just enough snap, though, to save it from being too plain!

The tiny felt toque is a darling—very, very new indeed, both in the way it is cut and in its having an "ear flap" on the right-hand side. To top off with, we liked a jersey sweater that is good to wear as a "suit blouse," because it's not only an up-to-the-minute style but is lightweight and comes in soft spring shades like orchid, powder blue, green and rose-beige, which blend well with the tan or gray mixtures of the tweeds.

Don't you like this outfit?

Suzanne

A Word about Style: Suits seem to be back in high favor, and are more charming, and simpler in cut and colorings, than ever. Nothing is better-looking and more wearable for all kinds of everyday things, and a sweater with the skirt could be worn for sport wear nearly all summer. A tailored topcoat is always dependable. It is worn successfully over daytime clothes that go to almost anything except a formal luncheon, an afternoon tea or a wedding. If you wanted to relieve its severity, a bright sport scarf or one of the new tailored tweed, felt or leather flowers for the lapel would be a pleasant addition.

I shall be glad to send you prices of this outfit, and to shop for you, too, if you wish.

HAZEL GREY

8 Arlington Street Boston, Mass.

The G. Y. C.

"The Girls of The Youth's Companion"—Join Now!

Good News for You All —

THE G. Y. C. ART CONTEST

Every Member of the G. Y. C. is eligible to compete
(To become a Member, send in the little Keystone Blank below)

PRIZES

First Prize.....\$10.00
Second Prize.....5.00
Ten Third Prizes of.....2.00 each

CONTEST CONDITIONS

Age Limit—10 through 21 inclusive.
Submit One Entry Only—Any size of drawing or painting on any subject and in any medium, as: oils, water colors, pastels, silhouette, ink, etc.
Original Work—The work submitted must be your own original work as an artist.
Closing Date—Entries received after midnight of May 1 cannot be opened.
Snapshots—Send your snapshot with your entry if you are a G. Y. C. Corresponding Member.
Correspondence—An entry accompanied by a letter requiring an answer will be ruled out of the contest and classified as *correspondence only*.
Print Clearly—Your name, age, date of birth



and full address on the back of your entry in the upper left-hand corner.

No Pictures Can Be Returned—unless accompanied by full return postage. Mail your entry, properly protected for mailing, to:

The G. Y. C. Art Contest
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Massachusetts.

Have You a Hopeless Table?

G. Y. C. Workbox Enterprise No. 31

THE G. Y. C. Workbox has purchased an old table of sturdy build and good lines for \$4.00. But for all of its sturdiness and proportions it did look quite hopeless when the expressman set it down in the middle of our new and then empty living-room. It needed something more to deserve its exalted position, for some one had painted it all over with a horrible varnish—the kind that doesn't even look like imitation mahogany or cherry, but has a discouraging color all its own. So then and there it was unanimously voted to remove the varnish.

The girls did not know what was before them. Starting with a can of varnish remover and scraping knives, they put on the remover with an old paint brush and then scraped it off with a knife. That had little effect, so they put on a new layer of remover and scraped and scraped and scraped again! The wood was buried in layers and layers of hard varnish. It seemed as if it would never give way. Finally, when sections of the real table did begin to appear, it was discovered that it was made of perfectly presentable black walnut with a good grain to it.

Pretty as the table now was, it had to have some finish, of course, and so a weathered-oak stain was put on with a brush—then immediately rubbed off again with an old cloth. This gave the wood a lovely soft

brown color, and the grain showed through. The table was then ready to be rubbed over with powdered pumice and linseed oil: a little oil applied first, and then a bit of the pumice on a cloth to rub over the whole surface. This oil and pumice process was done three times.

After all this, the table still lacked just the finished look that the Workbox felt it should show. And so, as a final process, the girls gave it a good wiping and rubbing with turpentine, following that with a coat of mahogany stain. A coat of orange shellac came next, and, when that had dried, another good rub with linseed oil and pumice. These last "finishing touches" made a great difference and more than rewarded the extra work needed to apply them.

When the table was finished and the girls could stand off and look at it, they almost forgot the hours spent on scraping. It was a beauty.

We can't thank you all enough for the letters you are writing all the time about your own interior-decorating enterprises. Many of them are tremendously practical and helpful—and they are all inspiring. Isn't it fun to be trying out all these things together, and sharing our mistakes and successes?

LETITIA VALENTINE



Lucille and Helen administer the last rubbing with pumice powder over the linseed oil

Let's Cook



SO many of you are sending in your favorite recipes as successful achievements, and they are so good, that we are devoting the Members' Column this week to sharing some of the best ones with you.

Recipes and Record Diaries: It would be a good plan to have a special section of your diary marked off for each enterprise that you are interested in as a member of the G. Y. C. If, for example, your interests are cooking, crafts and poetry, have a separate section for your achievements and for helpful information in each subject. Those of you who are interested in cooking will then know just how to save and how to refer back to these good recipes that other G. Y. C. Members are sharing with you this week. And remember, if you have any questions or problems, our Cooking Adviser at Simmons College will be glad to answer them if you send them to me, with a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Esther Richardson writes from Connecticut: "I have made a new discovery, and I think that other members of the G. Y. C. would like to try it. The rule is simple: Take two egg whites. Beat them in a bowl until they are light and stiff. Then add a glass of crab-apple or currant jelly. Beat until quite stiff or until a spoon will stand up in the mixture. Spread on top and sides of a plain cake. (This is an excellent recipe to use when there is no sugar on hand.)"

Muriel Rice, G. Y. C. Active Member in Philadelphia, recommends Post Toasties macaroons, and we know they are delicious and fun to make, too. Here are the ingredients she uses:

Whites of 2 eggs beaten stiff	2 cups of Post Toasties
1 cup of sugar	½ cup or more of coconut
1 teaspoon of baking powder	1 teaspoon of vanilla

Mix in the order given, and drop on buttered paper in pans. Bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) for 15 or 20 minutes.

Grace Puterbaugh of Illinois makes date cake this way. Use:

1 cup of sugar	1½ cups of flour
1 tablespoon of butter	½ teaspoon of baking powder
1 egg	1 teaspoon of soda, dissolved in boiling water
1 cup of dates chopped fine	

Cream the butter, add the sugar, then the egg, well beaten. Then add the dates, after they have been soaked in the hot soda and water; then the flour and baking powder. Mix thoroughly for about one minute. Pour this mixture into a well-greased square pan and bake until, when you press your finger on the top, the cake springs back. Many kinds of frosting are good on this cake.

Barbara Richmond's Scotch Scones sound tempting. She makes them with:

2 cups of flour	4 teaspoons of baking powder
1 teaspoon of sugar	2 tablespoons of butter
½ teaspoon of salt	½ of a cup of milk
1 egg	

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Cut in the butter. Add the egg, well beaten, and the milk. Toss the dough on a floured board, pat and roll the dough to ¾ inch thickness. Shape with a cookie cutter. Slightly moisten the top with milk and sprinkle with sugar. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes.

Our Keystone Pin of Gold and Blue

Our aim: greater knowledge, skill and happiness through enterprises which lead to successful achievements



Return to Hazel Grey

The G. Y. C., 8 Arlington St., Boston

Dear Hazel: I should like to know (you may check one or both):

....How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by myself and how to win the pin and all the advantages of a Member of the G. Y. C.

OR

....How to form a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Corresponding, Active and Contributing Members for us all.

(Please Print Clearly in Pencil)

My name is.....

I am.....years old.

Address.....

Have The Best Garden In Your Town

A Wonderful Bargain in Selected Novelty Plants and Seeds

TREE STRAWBERRY EVERBEARING

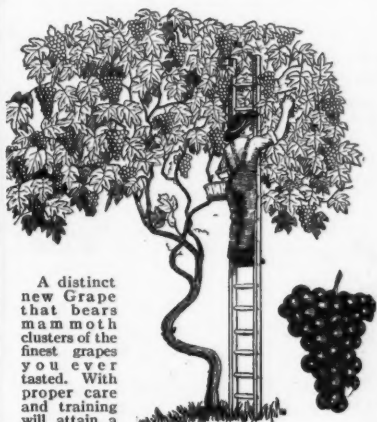


The Tree Strawberry is the largest and most beautiful of all berries. Bears beautiful large ruby-red fruit all summer and fall. The bright red berries showing a striking contrast to the large white blossoms.

This bush with its glossy green leaves makes a very ornamental plant. Besides giving you a constant crop of the finest berries for jelly and jam. The canes die down in winter but soon shoot up again in the spring getting larger and better every year, giving many extra plants.

Prices: 3 for 50 cents; 8 for \$1.00

TREE GRAPES



A distinct new Grape that bears mammoth clusters of the finest grapes you ever tasted. With proper care and training will attain a height of more than ten feet in a single season and begin to bear the second season after planting.

The Tree Grape is equally desirable for its novelty, wonderful productiveness and flavor. The single berry is unusually large and forms massive, compact bunches. It is fine for eating fresh and makes Grape Juice that is rich and heavy.

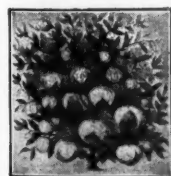
Prices: 3 for \$1.00; 10 for \$2.50

Banana Muskmelon

This melon surpasses all others in its delicious fragrance. It grows from 18 to 36 inches in length and from 2 to 4 inches thick, and is very prolific. It looks almost like an overgrown banana. Has a flavor all its own. Try it.



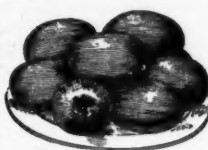
Wonder Bush Cherry



Grows about 18 inches high and bears heavy crops of the best flavored fruit you ever tasted. Although many use the fruit raw, all claim it makes better pies than tree cherries. The Wonder Bush Cherry bears fruit 8 weeks after planting. Give it a trial.

Vine Peach

This wonderful Vegetable Peach presents a beautiful appearance when canned; makes delicious preserves and sweet pickles and is fine for pies. Grows from seed in 80 days. Very prolific.



Yard Long Bean



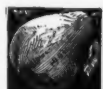
This is an excellent variety, as well as being an interesting curiosity. The vines are rampant growers and produce an enormous crop of long slender, round pods that are excellent for snap beans. Produce late in the summer, very prolific, tender, and of fine flavor.

Yellow Garden Pear

A wonderfully flavored novelty. The bushes grow from two to three feet high and bear pear-shaped fruit, very spicy and juicy. Nothing better for pickles and preserves.

Red Garden Pear

Same as the Yellow Garden Pear described above, but red in color.



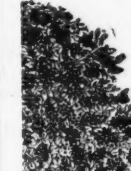
Japanese Giant Radish

This is the great Sakurijima Radish of Japan. The largest Radish grown often attaining a weight of more than 25 pounds.

The flesh is solid, firm and brittle and has an excellent flavor. A real "novelty" to most Americans.



Garden Huckleberry



Grows from seed the first year. A new fruit that cannot be excelled for pies and preserves. Very prolific. Cooked with apples or lemon it makes the finest of jellies. Must be planted from seed each year. It is easy to grow and you will like it.

Japanese Climbing Cucumber

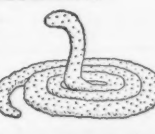
A distinct new cucumber from Japan. The vines are extra strong and vigorous, and great climbers, producing a surprising amount of superior fruit on poles, fences, etc.

Yields three times the usual crop from a given area. Fine for slicing and pickles.



Snake Cucumber

A rare new novelty, this curious Cucumber resembles nothing so much as a long green snake. It often grows six feet long. Plant early for best results.



Ground Almonds

A delicious nut, with flavor resembling the Cocomut or the Almond. The meat is snow-white, covered with a thin brown shell. Is very prolific, a single nut yielding from 200 to 300 nuts in a hill. Will do well in any kind of soil.



Prices on Novelty Seeds, 5 pkts. 50c; 11 pkts. for \$1.00 postpaid

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Direction The Youth's Companion

Eight Arlington St. Boston, Mass.

MISCELLANY

(Continued from page 227)

repairer who, following a slack wire in a mountainous forest district, found not only a break, but a gap of five hundred feet. Remembering a disused branch line nearer than headquarters, he went away to cut some wire to replace that which had mysteriously disappeared, and on his return:

"There stood the thief—a big bull moose, with wire tangled up in his horns, around his neck, and trailing out behind. He looked at me as much as to say, 'Here's your old wire. I'd be obliged if you'd come and get it.'"

"I sneaked around back of him and tied the loose end to a tree. Then I mended the break. The next job was to get the moose clear. This wasn't so easy. When I went toward him with a long sapling in my hand he showed fight and began side-stepping around with his head down. In doing that, he fortunately became further entangled in the wire and was thrown. That gave me a chance to get close enough to use my pliers on the wire—and make for a tree when he was loose! When he found he was free, which he did not for a few moments, he was on his feet like a shot, and off to the races!"

EXCESSIVELY MODEST

NOT all the Victorians were as prim and prudish as our freer generation supposes them to have been; but their extreme ideas of decorum were certainly funny! In the Lord Leverhulme collection recently exhibited, says a writer in the Boot and Shoe Recorder, there was displayed the advertisement of an old New York shoe store appealing for the patronage of our modest grandmothers.

This curious device was a kind of shield with clasps, which was attached to the ankle of a customer while trying on new footwear. No voluminous skirt of the period, accidentally lifted a trifle more than the few strictly necessary inches, could by any chance embarrass a buyer in that courteous and considerate establishment by revealing a glimpse of neat white stocking above the level of a low boot top. The "ankle-blind" safeguarded the sensibilities of the most "delicate female!"

It is not recorded whether that shop achieved popular patronage on the score of its excessive propriety; but it is certain the fashion of "ankle-blind" did not spread or continue. What would have been the feelings of one of those ankle-blinded ladies could she have foreseen a day of short skirts, in which many a business girl, esteemed unimpeachably modest and discreet, might be seen perched on a shoe black's throne, reading the morning paper, while her shoes were shined in public! Surely she would have cried faintly for smelling-salts and swooned upon the spot!

HE WOULD NOT DECEIVE THE PUBLIC

A MAN was trying to qualify for the job of conductor on a street car, says the Boston Transcript.

"Now," said the examiner, "imagine you are in charge of a car going up a steep incline. Suddenly the driver signals to you that he has lost control, and you find the car going backward down the incline. You are gaining speed every second. Tell me what is the very first thing you would do?"

The candidate thought for a moment, then his face brightened as he replied, "Why, sir, of course I'd change the destination boards first of all."

THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

There are all sorts of motion pictures, and it is by no means easy to get trustworthy information about which ones are clean and entertaining; not merely "unobjectionable," but worth seeing. The Youth's Companion gives its readers this list, revised every week, of the pictures that it thinks good enough to recommend.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BLUE-ribbon LIST

Remember—Commonwealth Film Co.
An unselfish young woman's lifelong habit of stepping aside for an unappreciative little sister is finally rewarded. Dorothy Phillips, Earle Metcalf

The General—United Artists
The solemn-faced Buster Keaton as a locomotive engineer who tries to do his bit for the Confederacy

Blind Alleys—Paramount
Fate separates a newly married pair and reunites them only after many wanderings. Thomas Meighan, Greta Nissen

Mother—Film Booking Office
A mother's old-fashioned ideals help a straying son and husband back to self-respect and safety



This Little Lady—
has been Serving
You Faithfully
for Many Years
"BREAKFAST" in
Baker's
Breakfast Cocoa

Means Something

The United States Food Standards define "Breakfast" Cocoa as cocoa containing not less than 22 per cent of cocoa butter. Many cheap cocoas (which cannot be labelled "Breakfast" Cocoa) contain not more than 14 per cent or 15 per cent of butter. Baker's Breakfast Cocoa contains not less than 26 per cent of cocoa butter, almost one-fifth more than Government requirement. The phrase Baker's Breakfast Cocoa means a pure, delicious cocoa of high quality and possessing a considerable amount of nourishment.

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This is the Hired Man, bent with toil,
Who used his spade to dig the soil
For the Princess's Garden.



This is the Gardener with his hoe,
Who planted the seeds and made them grow
In the Princess's Garden.

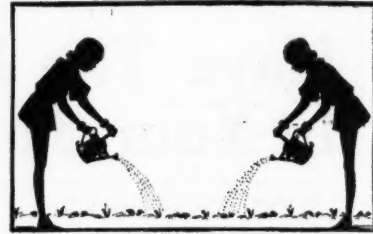
THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE PRINCESS'S GARDEN

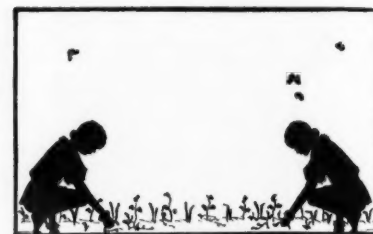
By

Carol Elizabeth Boshier

And here is the Princess, young and fair,
Who picked the flowers grown with care
By everyone else but herself, I declare,
Though they called it the Princess's
Garden!



These are the Pages who watered the seeds,



The very same Pages who pulled up the weeds
In the Princess's Garden.



Illustrations by Mary Eames

BETTY LOIS LANE had just finished having the measles. Here it was Thursday, and the very next day would be the first of April. But Mother said that it would not be safe for her to go back to school until Monday. Betty Lois's heart was almost broken. Last year she and the other first-graders had had so much fun trying to April-fool each other!

"Who can I April-fool besides you and Daddy?" she said.

"You might try it on Grandpa and Grandma Brown," replied Mother Lane.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown were not truly-for-sure grandpa and grandma to Betty Lois; but she had always called them by those names. They lived in a pretty, white house just across the road and had lived there ever since Mother was a little girl.

"Mother, what can I do to April-fool Grandpa and Grandma Brown?" asked Betty Lois.

"I'll think up something," replied Mother Lane. "You might go up into the south room of the attic to play for a while. It will be nice and warm up there. Here is the key to that small trunk which has some of my little-girl clothes in it. Run along now, and Mother will put on her thinking cap."

It wasn't very long before Betty Lois came racing back down the two flights of stairs. Her mother stared in surprise at the figure of her daughter in a quaint pink calico dress and a white sun-bonnet with a pink lining. Mrs. Lane recalled that tucked away somewhere was a tin-type of a little girl who looked almost exactly like the one who stood before her in the old-fash-

ioned dress with its full, short waist, little puffed sleeves and very full skirt.

"The very thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane. "Now, Betty, take off your bonnet and dress, and Mother will have them freshly washed and ironed for you to wear over to Grandma Brown's tomorrow. I think that they will help you to April-fool Grandpa and Grandma."

"What shall I say to them, Mother?"

"I don't believe you'll need to say anything," replied Mrs. Lane.

Next morning when she saw the Browns out in their garden at work in the warm sunshine she quickly buttoned Betty Lois into the stiffly starched pink calico dress and tied

the strings of the cunning bonnet under her round little chin. As Mrs. Lane looked into the brown eyes so like her own, she thought, "Well, there is one difference; but that won't be noticed while she has the bonnet on." Mrs. Lane was thinking of the two brown braids that had adorned her own small head, while Betty Lois wore her golden hair bobbed.

Betty Lois quickly ran across the road. She couldn't help giving a giggle as she opened the gate. Grandpa looked around and after staring a moment exclaimed, "My eyes, Mother! Who is that?"

Grandmother looked and stared too. "I do believe," said she, "that it is Little Pink Calico"; and Grandpa added, "It certainly can't be anybody else."

You see, "Little Pink Calico" was the pet name which the Browns had given to Betty Lois's mother when she was a little girl, for they said that she surely was brought up in pink calico!

"Little Pink Calico!" exclaimed Grandma as she put her arms around the smiling little girl. "Have you come back again after so many years?"

"Why, Grandma," laughed Betty Lois, "that isn't my name. I'm just me."

"Oh, are you really?" laughed Grandma in turn. "Seems like I can scarcely believe it. Well, you certainly worked an April-fool on Grandpa and me."

"Oh, goody!" exclaimed Betty Lois, "and I hadn't said a word yet."

"No," said Grandma, "but this pretty dress and bonnet played quite a part. Now I have some fresh cookies for you, and when you take them home please tell your mother that half of them are for Little Pink Calico."



Up in the south room of the attic

Do You Like the Book of Knowledge as much as We Do?

A FEW days ago we had an interesting letter from an old friend of ours who is the librarian of the Millicent Library in Fairhaven, Massachusetts. This is part of it: "The Book of Knowledge is one of the sets of books that work the hardest—it works just as hard as the Peter Rabbit or the Burgess books. Its binding, bright and new when the volumes of The Book of Knowledge first came to the library back in 1924, has long since been replaced by a new dress because the first one wore out."

"The children who use our library take volumes of The Book of Knowledge home to read for pleasure. They also look up material on school compositions in them, and they pick them up to read in the reading-room just as they do The Youth's Companion."

"The children aren't the only ones who enjoy using The Book of Knowledge, for the library staff use it, too, to help answer some of the questions put to them at the inquiry desk."

"The Millicent Library has just purchased a 1926 edition of The Book of Knowledge which has a fine index, and this is always on hand in the children's room."

LOUIS FELIX RANLETT,
Librarian

Nuts to Crack

1. POETIC ANAGRAM.

A noble ——— of Madrid
Once ——— the sons of the Cid
To ——— him they threw
A ———, but he flew;

And they were ——— when he hid.
Each of the missing words is spelled with the same seven letters.

2. RIDDLE.

I am a musical instrument. My beginning is another instrument, which is played at my ending while the player sings a note in the middle. What am I?

3. DIAMOND.

When these words are correctly guessed and written one below the other, a diamond will be formed which will read the same either across or down:

1. A letter. 2. Insane. 3. Withers. 4. A sailor. 5. Emission. 6. Component part of a tooth. 7. A large net. 8. The eggs of fishes. 9. A letter.

4. ANAGRAM POEM.

The four missing words are each spelled with the same seven letters.
When ——— smiles and sunbeams play

On flowers that ——— and deck the green,
—— can match the scene so gay
—— they crown the May-day queen?

5. COLONEL PUZZLER.

One of the troops had twenty-one horses, and the sergeant in charge was ordered to build two enclosures to keep them in. The sergeant thought it was bad luck to have an even number of horses in one enclosure, so he asked Colonel Puzzler to tell him how he could build two pens so that the twenty-one horses could be kept with an odd number in each pen. What did the colonel tell him to do?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

(1). V-O-L-U-M-E: volume.
(2). The five three-word sentences were: Now, I think. No, with ink. With no kin. Hint, I know. Think I won!

(3). R A S C A L
A C T I V E
S T A T E D
C I T I N G
A V E N G E
L E D G E R

(4). Cape (Cap-e, C-Ape).
(5). The young lady was the colonel's daughter.

TEMPTED

By

Alyce Rosalyee Hydle

Mince-meat pies are baking,
Fruit cake's on the shelf;
Wish it wasn't naughty
Just to help myself.

FANTASTIC SCENERY PACKET

Contains all different stamps of far-away countries depicting wonderful thrilling scenes. Included are: Belgium (Satan with pitchfork); Barbados (chariot and flying horses); Chile (battle scene); Egypt (obelisk and pyramids); Jugoslavia (nude slave breaking chain); Newfoundland (wild caribou); Malay (ferocious tiger); Trinidad (Goddess of Victory); Tunis (fighting Arab); and others. To approval applicants enclosing 5c this great packet will be sent. **Peak Stamp Co., Box 215, Colorado Springs, Colo. Important:** If you act right now, we will also include free a triangle stamp, perforation gauge, and a small package of hinges.

U. S. STAMPS FREE

25 diff. stamps (inc. Com. P. Post, Dues and Rev.) cat. 50c free with second selection to all new customers buying 50c or more from our approvals. Thousands of stamps at 50% discount from cat.

Special Packets This Month:
All from Africa; 25 diff. 10c; 50 diff. 25c; 500 diff. \$8.
Andrew R. Ferry, Dept. C, 36 Exchange Pl., Providence, R. I.

MYSTIC'S "QUEER COUNTRY" PACKET!!

Contains scarce stamps from the following strange lands: San Marino, Antioquia, Congo, Cyprus, Fiji Islands, Iceland, Kenya, Uganda, Lebanon, Monaco, North Borneo, Nyassa, Siam, Sierra Leone, Tanganyika, Ubangi, Upper Volta, Zanzibar. Get this wonderful packet of "freak countries" and make your friends envious! Price only 10c to approval applicants! Write TODAY.

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FREE Hungary Charity No. 565 to 567 and a surprise

packet given to those requesting my 1, 2, and 3c approvals and also my 50% discount. **Charles W. Schmidt, P. O. Box No. 4832, Frankford Sta., Phila., Pa.**

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FREE 20 Good Stamps, 2 Newfoundland Gold Coast

India, Poland, etc. All free with trial approvals.
F. E. Thorp, Norwich, N. Y.

Pictorial Packet, For Olympic, Bosnia Birthday Issue,

Mexico (Sonora), Turks & Calcos M. p. black, many others; 10c. to approval applicants. **C. Burnard, 321 Bancamp St., Wilmar, Calif.**

California gold, \$1/4 size 27c. \$1/4 size 53c. 100,000 German

Marks & Catalogue 10c. **N. Shultz, Box 746, Salt Lake, Utah.**

STAMPS 100 Foreign all diff. Free. Postage 2c. 1000

hinges 15c. List Free. **Q. STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.**

British Colonies, 25 vars., 5c; 20 Denmark, 5c; 15 India, 5c;

10 China, 5c. **Harold Shepard, Hyattsville, Md.**

200 DIFFERENT Stamps 10c; 1000 Hinges 10c.

R. H. Carlton, 380 W. So. Temple, Salt Lake, Utah.

STAMPS. 10c China, Egypt, etc., 2c. Album (500 pic-

tures) 5c. **A. BULLARD & CO., Sta. A-8, Boston**

108 stps., Chad, Ned Indies, etc., and album, 4c to ap-

proval applicants. **Hill, Leonard St., Waltham, Mass.**

COINS Curios, Bought and Sold. Retail list free.

Elder Curio Corp'n., 9 E. 35th St., N. Y. City.

ODESSA 14 Diff. FREE. Lists, etc., Postage 4c

Johnson Stamp Co., Jamestown, N. Y.

STAMPS 20 Varieties unused free. Postage 2c.

Y. C. MIAMI STAMP CO., Toledo, O.

Stamps to Stick

Our stamp page, which appears in the last issue of every month, always contains a summary for expert collectors of the important philatelic events of the month, and a brief word of information specially intended for beginners.

HOW TO REMOVE STAMPS FROM ENVELOPES

THE collection makes a prettier appearance in its album when the stamps are fresh. One way not to destroy the freshness is to refrain from handling the stamps. One way to minimize the handling of those stamps which must be removed from the original envelopes is to utilize what is known as the blotter method. The process is simple, and at the same time there is less risk of damaging the stamp itself—and tearing or creasing adhesives detracts from the value as well as the appearance of a collection.

Take a piece of good blotting paper. Place this flat on the table after dampening the paper well.

Put the envelope containing the stamp on top of the dampened paper with the reverse surface of the envelope snug against it. That is, the stamp itself is not to come in contact with the wet blotter. The stamp is on the uppermost, or outside, surface of the envelope, so that the envelope itself is between the stamp and the moistened blotter.

Now cover the stamp with some light article. This article should of course be free from dust or dirt. It should be of sufficient weight merely to hold the envelope in place while the moisture in the blotter gradually dampens the envelope; it also will prevent the stamp from curling at edges and corners when the moisture reaches the stamp itself.

At the end of perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes remove this article, and it will be found that the stamp will peel off naturally, without being damaged. Moreover, this process does not make the ink run, as often happens when certain stamps are entirely immersed in water in order to detach them from the envelopes.

In preparing the blotter, three or four, or more, thicknesses may be used. These may be cut exactly to fit a container, such as a small box cover. Cover the blotter with water until the paper is thoroughly soaked. Then drain off the water and let the thickness of blotter gradually lose some, but not too much, of their wetness. The proper degree of dampness will be determined by experience.

It is well to practice this method by using ordinary 2-cent stamps on envelopes received in the day's mail.

STAMP NEWS

New U. S. Airmail Stamps

ANOTHER airmail stamp has been issued at Washington; this time it is a 20-cent adhesive, green. It has been issued on account of the new rate of postage, effective on February 1, on letters carried by airplane. This rate is 10 cents for an ordinary letter, and the 20-cent is for prepaying postage on a letter of double weight. The new rate prevails regardless of the distance a letter travels in the United States, and whether on a private-contract route or a government-operated route. A 10-cent airmail stamp, blue, was already in existence. No further printings of the 15-cent, sepia, will be made, inasmuch as there is no longer any need for this denomination. All three stamps have the same design—a map of the United States and an airplane in flight.

An Unpopular Issue

A REPORT that the League of Nations does not look with favor on Tanganyika's new series adds to the interest in these stamps, put into circulation by Great Britain in this land that was once German East Africa. World War history tells us that the British and the Belgians conquered German East Africa in 1918, and that subsequently the part seized by Belgium was turned over to Great Britain, which has since administered Tanganyika under mandates approved by the League of Nations.

Until recently the stamps provided for Tanganyika by Great Britain carried a giraffe as the uniform design. This set has been displaced by one with stamps showing a portrait of King George and the inscription "Mandated Territory of Tanganyika." It is

the combination of portrait and wording that is said to be objectionable to League officials, inasmuch as Tanganyika is not strictly a British possession, but is being governed merely with the consent of the League. It has been suggested accordingly that the new stamps may be withdrawn.



A New Egyptian Commemorative

EGYPT has put forth a series of beautiful stamps commemorating the holding of the International Cotton Congress at Cairo in January. The uniform design is a branch with the growing cotton in blossom. Values and colors are 5 millièmes, brown, green and white, 10 millièmes, blue, green and white, and 15 millièmes, red, green and white.

In the Philippines

COMPLETION of the new Palace of the Legislature, the Filipino capitol building at Manila, was marked by the issuing of commemorative stamps by the Philippine government. A picture of the structure is the uniform design. Denominations and colors, with the Palace shown in black on each stamp, are 2 centavos, green, 4 centavos, red, 16 centavos, olive, 18 centavos, orange, 20 centavos, brown, 24 centavos, gray, and 1 peso, heliotrope.

Russian Children's Relief Stamps

ALIKENESS of Nikolai Lenin, who was Russian's premier at the time of his death early in 1924, has again been placed on a Russian stamp; but this new portrait shows him at the age of ten years! It is a children's charity adhesive, through the sale of which the soviet government is raising money to finance relief for suffering boys and girls. The value is 20 kopecks, and the color is blue.

Danish Ships

DENMARK opened the new year by issuing a series of attractive stamps having as their common design an ancient caravel against a solid background. This seems appropriate, as Denmark is a maritime country. The first values to appear are 15 øre, carmine, 20 øre, gray, 25 øre, light blue, 30 øre, orange, 35 øre, red-brown, and 40 øre, green.

Noted Men in Poland

TWO values added to Poland's current series bear portraits of noted men as the subjects—Frederic Chopin and Ignace Moscicki. Chopin, born in 1809, was a celebrated Polish composer and pianist. He died in 1849. Moscicki is Poland's third President. Chemist, inventor and scientist, he became the republic's chief executive last June.

In Switzerland

JOHANN HEINRICH PESTALOZZI was a noted Swiss educator, born in 1746. He died in 1827, and Switzerland is planning to issue, before the end of this year, one or more stamps bearing his portrait, to mark the one hundredth anniversary of his passing.

The New Tunisian Series

TUNIS has issued an entire new series with native designs. The 1, 2, 3, 5 and 10 centime values show an Arab woman. On the 15, 20, 25, 30 and 40 centime values is depicted the Grand Mosque in Tunis. The mosque and the Place Halfaouine appear on the 50, 75, 80 centime and 1 franc denominations. The ruins of the Roman amphitheatre at El Djem is the subject of the 1.05, 1.25, 2, 3, 5 and 10 franc values. An extended parcel-post series bears a scene showing dates being gathered.

POPULAR SCOTT SEALD PACKETS

Every stamp guaranteed genuine or money back. No foreign post-cards, revenues or reprints. No. 68, 100 diff., from 50 diff. countries, 25c; No. 8, 1,000 diff., general coll., \$1.00; No. 3, 2,000 diff., general coll., \$4.00; No. 152, 100 diff., Europe, 10c; No. 146, 200 diff., Austria, 25c; No. 178, 100 diff., Hungary, 10c; No. 202, 50 diff., Wurtemberg, 25c; No. 67, 100 diff., French Colon., 40c.

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LATEST INTERNATIONAL JUNIOR

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Collecting stamps adds interest to study of geography and history. To get acquainted I will mail ten foreign stamps, all different, on receipt of two cent stamp. **E. D. White, Gainesville, Texas.**

FREE Canadian \$1. Stamp to Approval Appli-

cants. **Stanley Munday, 112 Irvine Avenue, Westmount, P. Q., Canada.**

1000 Stamps 25c; Album to hold 2000 stamps 60c;

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100th Anniversary Specials

1827 — For April — 1927

A PAGE OF RECORD-BREAKING VALUES

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Show your sample copies of The Youth's Companion to your friends and neighbors or any home where there are young people. Point out the fascinating stories and feature articles that you know will interest them. Send us your new subscriptions with money to pay for them and we will forward the premiums you select at once.

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Under our regular terms this book would be given for one new subscription and 25c extra, but —

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